

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

OCTOBER 7



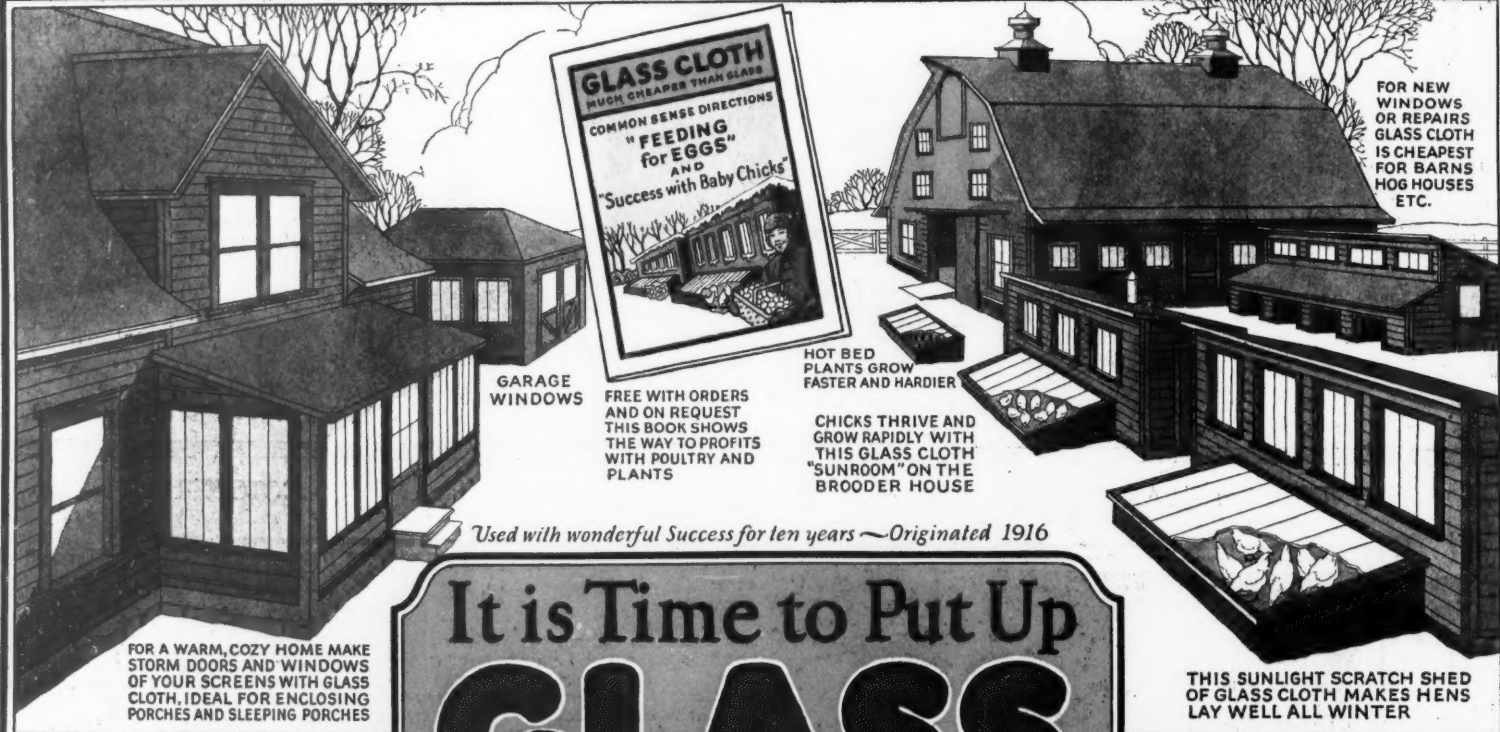
Photograph by Charles E. Durling

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE GAME!

In this Issue // Stories by Charles G. D. Roberts, A. F. Henderson, J. W. Schultz, C. A. Stephens, Bertha H. Crabbe. // "Walter Camp", Chapter II // "The Three R's of Football", by Ben Friedman

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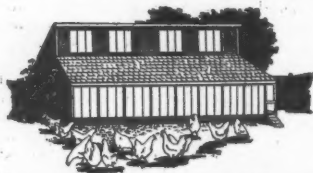
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 40

TREADING noiselessly on moss-casined feet, Jack Bedloe stole up behind the screen of elder bush and young birch which fringed the bank of the little river. He peered cautiously through the leafage. Below him lay a broad, amber-shadowed pool, its surface glassy-smooth except where an occasional slow swirl from the rapids above would wrinkle it for a moment and flash back a sharp gleam of sun. The rushing clamor of the rapids pulsed musically on the soft spring air.

It was a very promising pool, and Bedloe scrutinized it with the eye of the practiced, and very practical, angler. His rod and line were stout affairs. He was not a fly-fisherman. He used bait, according to season; and at this season it was the homely necessary earthworm. His hand was reaching eagerly to his pocket for the tin bait-box when a startling apparition on the opposite shore of the stream caught his eye, and he stiffened into instant immobility. He was an unlearned backwoodsman, but an expert in woodcraft and a keen student of the ways of the wild creatures.

A huge black bear was coming down the bank, moving briskly as if with a very definite purpose. And for a moment Bedloe wondered uncomfortably if that purpose could be in any way connected with Jack Bedloe. Knowing bears as he did, however, he promptly dismissed his foolish apprehensions. He could see that the great beast was fully intent on some business of his own.

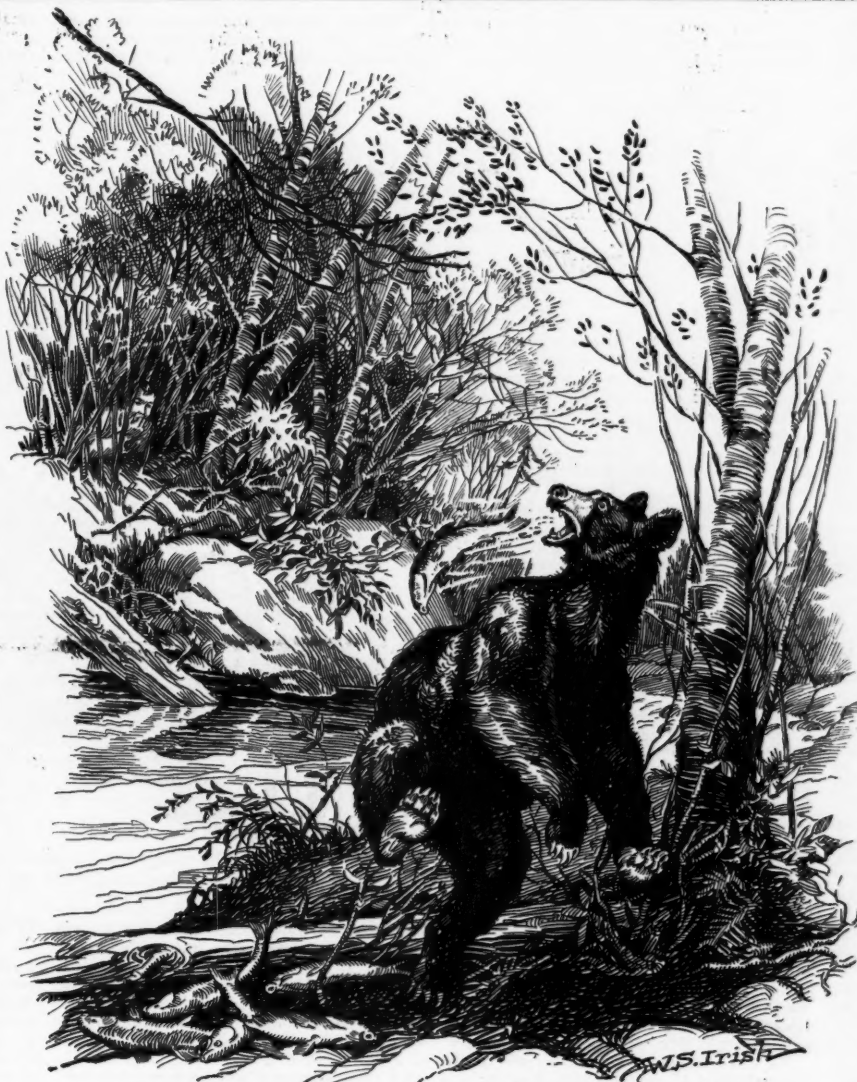
At the water's edge the bear did not hesitate. He plunged straight in, to a depth that almost covered his back, wallowed forward some six or eight feet, and drew himself up upon what was evidently a submerged ledge. Here he sat back on his haunches, with one big forepaw uplifted, and glanced about him with a complacent air as if thoroughly pleased with the situation. He was sitting in perhaps ten inches of icy water, and Bedloe was at a loss to explain the animal's satisfaction.

It explained itself, however, presently. Bending low his great black head, the bear fell to peering down into the glassy current which slipped past the outer face of the ledge. Motionless as a rock, he held this attitude for a long minute while, equally motionless, Jack Bedloe watched him with eager expectation.

Suddenly that big uplifted paw, long claws protruding, flashed down into the water with lightning swiftness and swept up again, carrying a large, brownish fish. In the same movement the successful fisherman swung slightly on his haunches and hurled his prize far up the bank behind him. Assuring himself with a hasty glance that it had fallen in a safe place where it could not flap back into the water, he resumed his fishing.

Bedloe chuckled soundlessly in appreciation of his rival's dexterity. His quick eye had detected that the fish was only a sucker, one of the most sluggish of the stream dwellers; but he marveled at the neat precision of the feat. It was clear that the bear was accustomed to do his fishing at this point, that he had the height and distance of the bank calculated to a nicety, and knew where the best fish frequented.

Two or three expectant minutes passed, the rushing of the rapids loud on the still air, and again that lightning paw flashed down, again a big fish was scooped forth and hurled unerringly up the bank. With a little pang of envy Bedloe noted that it was a splendid trout, probably a good pound in weight. But this time the lucky fisherman had miscalculated his distance. The trout fell short of the top of the bank and, though half stunned, began to flop feebly down toward the water. With an impatient *woof* the bear floundered ashore and intercepted it, bit off its head to make sure of its future good behavior and then returned hurriedly to his post. It looked as if he wanted to secure a good catch while the catching was good, and then make his meal at leisure.



The startled bear jumped as if a cracker had been exploded under his nose

Fisherman's Luck

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by W. M. IRISH

Presently he struck again. But this time the intended victim was too alert for him, and his paw emerged empty. He gave a whimper of disappointment and glanced around him with such a sheepish air that Bedloe could hardly restrain his laughter. "Ef you only knowed who was watchin' you, I reckon you *would* feel small," he muttered under his breath.

After this, however, the bear was more careful. He had got his paw in, and there were no more failures to disconcert him. Within the next fifteen or twenty minutes he had landed half a dozen more good-sized fish—all suckers but one, and that one a huge, bright-silver chub. Then, just as the watcher behind the bushes was beginning to grow impatient over this monotony of success, he seemed to decide that he had caught enough for a square meal. He floundered ashore, shook himself, gulped down the trout, then scrambled up over the edge of the bank to where the full feast awaited him.

It was clear that the bear was perfectly unconscious that he was observed.

For a moment or two he stood and gloated over his prizes, several of them still flopping, then he pawed one forth delicately and bit a mouthful out of its back. At the same instant Bedloe, thinking to vary the proceedings, set two fingers between his teeth and gave a short, piercing whistle.

The effect was electric. The startled bear jumped as if a fire cracker had exploded under his nose, whipped round and stared all about him, sniffing the still air anxiously. It was evident he had no idea as to the direction from which the strange sound had come. For perhaps a whole minute he never stirred, but sat listening with all his ears, expecting the sound to be repeated. At last he came to the conclusion he had imagined it; or else the effect faded from his mind; and he turned again to his banquet.

He had no more than set his long white teeth into the dainty than again, out of the unseen, came that abrupt and strident whistle. He fairly jumped into the air, then rose upon his hind legs and searched earth and water in all directions for a solution of the mystery. Finding none, he stared at the tree tops, at the sky itself, and lastly at his pile of fish, eyeing them with uneasy suspicion. He dropped on all fours again and walked round the glistening treasure several times, till at last its lusciousness, and his appetite, once more dispelled his fears. But this time he selected another fish, the silvery chub and pulled it well aside from the rest before beginning to eat it.

Relenting somewhat, Bedloe allowed him to gulp down two or three mouthfuls. Then he whistled again, even more harshly. This time the result amazed him. The bear seemed to shrink in size, his long fur drawing

down flat to his body. He spurned the half-eaten fish from him in a kind of horror and raced away like a frightened cat, never once looking back; and the underbrush crackled in his flight. The mystery had proved too much for his nerves.

Jack Bedloe rocked with laughter. "I'm jiggered," he muttered, "ef he don't think its them fish as makes the noise, when he bites 'em!" And it's just possible Bedloe was right. Not being convinced of his theory, however, he kept in hiding for some fifteen minutes more, to see if the animal would recover his nerve and return. And in the meantime he examined his tackle, and baited his hook carefully.

At length, tired of the inaction, he slipped through the bush screen and cast his line. But not a bite did he get. He fished the pool faithfully on that side, right up to the tail of the rapids and down again to where the pool widened into sandy shoals. Then he concluded that the bear knew that pool better than he did, and that the good fishing was on the other side. He waded across, threw in his bait, just beyond the bear's rock, and promptly hooked a half-pound trout, which, thanks to his sturdy tackle and rough-and-ready methods, he was able to throw clear up the bank even as his predecessor had done. Having scrambled up to secure his prize he knocked it on the head, strung it on a forked stick—as was his custom in lieu of carrying a fishing basket—and then fell to examining curiously the bear's collection of suckers, each of which bore on its side the mark of those raking claws. At this time of year, while the water was cold, he reflected, even the suckers were not too bad eating. And it was a pity to leave them for some rascal fox or lynx. He proceeded to add the best of them to his string.

Now it happened that the bear, after having torn his way through the sweet-smelling spring undergrowth till his panic terror evaporated, had paused to reconsider the situation. He had observed that fish soon died when out of the water. By this time all those fish would certainly be quite dead. They would be incapable of making those horrid noises when bitten. Some such conclusion doubtless formed itself dimly in his primitive brain. After some hesitation he acted upon it. He was hungry. He wanted those fish, which were his lawful spoil. The creatures of the wild have a keen sense of proprietary rights. He turned and began to retrace his steps—hesitatingly at first, but as he thought of that rascal fox or mink possibly enjoying the spoil he whimpered and began to hurry; and a growing anger surged in his heart. But he went cautiously, for all that. The black bear is a wary and sagacious beast.

So it came about that he approached the scene of his recent discomfiture just as Jack Bedloe started to add the suckers to his string. At the sight of the dreaded man-creature he stopped short. Of man he was mortally afraid. For a few moments, and behind a screen of bushes, from a distance of perhaps a hundred yards he watched Jack Bedloe even as Jack Bedloe had been watching him some while before.

At first his impulse was to flee again. Then once more his anger, the righteous anger of one whose rights are being infringed upon, surged up within him. The man was stealing his fish. He forgot his fears—though not, altogether, his prudence—and came on again.

SUDDENLY Bedloe, with that sixth sense that life in the wilderness sometimes develops, felt in the back of his neck that hostile eyes were upon him and faced about suddenly. There was the bear in the open, not fifty yards away. Bedloe was startled. The bear stopped short and eyed him doubtfully. Then, after a moment's hesitation, resumed his advance, his little eyes wrathful and resolute.

Jack Bedloe was in a quandary. He had no great opinion of bears; but he was unarmed,

and this bear seemed to lack the retiring spirit of his kind. He appeared inclined to assert his rights.

Bedloe reflected that, after all, he himself was a poacher—a thief in fact. He felt himself in the wrong, under the circumstances; though if he had had his gun with him he probably would not have been so sensitive to the rights of the case. He snatched one of the suckers from the string and threw it so that it fell almost at the bear's feet. The bear

stopped and took a bite out of it. But he was not to be put off with one sucker, when they were all his by the law of the woods. He continued his deliberate advance.

Somewhat hastily now, Bedloe tore the rest of the suckers from the string and threw them in his rival's path, swiftly, one after the other; and as the bear stopped to consider them he slipped his own lawful capture, the half-pound trout, behind his back, and stood calmly leaning on his fishing-rod.

"That's all ye're agoin' to git," said he in loud, incisive tones.

The bear halted again, impressed by the authoritative voice. He gathered the fish into a pile with his great paw, hesitated a moment with his eyes on his adversary, then squatted down and fell to his interrupted meal.

With a distinct feeling of relief Jack Bedloe turned, very slowly, and very slowly retired down-stream. At the sandy shoals he

crossed to his own side of the stream, retraced his steps up the bank and regained his original hiding-place. Here, moved by a malicious and, as he felt, unworthy impulse, he once more put his fingers between his teeth and sounded his piercing whistle.

This time the bear, engrossed in his feasting, paid not the slightest attention. Jack Bedloe chuckled appreciatively.

"Your win, son," said he. "I guess I'll do the rest o' my fishin' up above the rapids."

WHAT happened at West Point seemed to begin and end as quickly as an evil dream.

We were at the lowest ebb of the war. "The game," said Washington himself, "is very nearly up." We lacked men, money and materials. The only hope we had was from France, and not many of us thought that the French would be worth much as allies in this kind of war—a war of suffering inaction and long blockades, fought so largely behind hedges and stone walls.

It was with no great hope that Generals Washington and Knox set out in September, 1780, from New Jersey to meet the French General Rochambeau at Hartford. It is not right for me to say that Washington was without hope; he was the dogged, indomitable sort of fighter who is never beaten while he lives. His face grew lined, more and more deeply, as the war dragged on and as the men at the head of our government seemed to frustrate his success by their quarrels and cabals. Yet if our army had ever been reduced to a single man, that man would have been the general himself.

The British held New York City at that time, and we took the long way around by West Point, our best fortress. Benedict Arnold was in command there. Washington had never lost faith in him, not even after the crash of his reputation at Philadelphia. And this, perhaps, was Washington's only weakness; having no baseness in his spirit, he could not perceive baseness in others—not until they had proved it again and again. He reprimanded Arnold in terms so generous that, I believe, Arnold took them for commendation. Surely, he believed that General Washington was unsuspicious and soft. I remember how handsome and debonaire Arnold was when he ferried us across the river in his barge. He observed that we were all staring at a ship of war lying at anchor a few miles south of us.

"That is the Vulture," remarked Major Varick, of Arnold's staff. "She hangs there like a filthy carrion bird."

"And we shall treat her as such," blustered Arnold. "I'm promising myself the pleasure of a boat attack on the next dark night."

He said those words bluffly, and we who knew his unmatched personal courage could imagine him leaping over the Vulture's side at the head of a boarding party. Yet when we were on the road again I could but wonder why the attack had not already been made.

"It's a puzzle to me, too," said General Knox. "Arnold is as brave as Julius Caesar. He ought to have blown that boat out of the water long ago."

There were sufficient reasons, as we learned soon.

This was on September 18. Six days later we came back from Hartford, sending word to Arnold that we would cross the Hudson at Peekskill and not visit him at all. But a strange thing happened. Without premeditation, General Washington took the fork of the road that led to West Point. General Lafayette was with us.

"I do not know," said Washington to him—he could never learn French, and he always spoke very loudly and slowly, as if Lafayette were deaf—"why I am returning by this road."

Lafayette at this time spoke an odd mixture of his tongue and ours. "It is to see Madame Arnold, n'est-ce pas?" he said. It will be un grand plaisir. Madame est charmante."

Washington smiled and looked less tired, as he invariably did with Lafayette. "I am not precisely sure that that is my motive," he said. "But to you young men the opportunity to see the most charming young lady in America should be very welcome."

And so we rode by the north highway.

AS we neared West Point, General Washington made a long inspection of the outposts, and his harassed look came back again. I heard him question the men we met about their supplies of ammunition, and the way their soldiers were posted. General

Knox was now at his side, making entries in his notebook; and he, too, looked disturbed. Even without the low-toned comments he made to me, I could see that West Point's defenses were in desperate disorder. There were plenty of soldiers, but they were so badly placed and their ammunition so scant that any determined attack would sweep over them.

Perhaps Washington had a presentiment of what was coming. Great men have a sort of second sight. But to us junior officers, who had breakfasted before sunrise on cold cornmeal mush, this deliberate tour of the outposts was torture. At last Washington turned, with a look that bored into our thoughts like an augur into pine.

"You fidget," he said. "My slowness is exasperating to you." Then a twinkle came into the terrible eye. "You young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, I know. Ride forward and breakfast with her and tell her not to wait for me."

We saluted and left him alone with Knox and Lafayette and his bodyguard of troopers. Major Alexander Hamilton rode beside me.

"You young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold," he quoted slyly. "That was a pretty sharp dig at you, Vaughan. I tell you what it is. You want to see her, and I want my breakfast, and I'll race you to headquarters."

Hamilton was engaged to be married, and his spirits were gay. We put our horses to the gallop and thundered up to the house. And there on the porch was the most beautiful woman in America and beside her the grim figure of her battle-scarred husband.

He was gracious to Hamilton, cool to me. Margaret was all gayety and charm. She was delighted to hear that General Washington was close beside us.

"We won't start the waffles until he comes," she said. "But here is fried chicken waiting for you. Come in and we will sit down at once. I am sure you are all starving."

We sat down to the best meal we had eaten in many a day. We were very merry. It was the last hour in which Margaret Arnold was ever to be happy again in this world.

I noticed that Alexander Hamilton, always careful and precise in his habits, was pitching into his food like a starving trooper. Arnold made excuses for it. "This is rough country fare," he said. "General Washington must make the best of it when he comes. In Philadelphia I gave him better dinners than this."

He seemed nervous and ill at ease. I thought his wounded knee might be troubling him and made an inquiry about it. He seemed not to hear me. At that instant the hoofs of a galloping horse drummed on the road.

"Only a messenger," remarked Arnold crossing to the window. "I hoped it might be more of our guests."

Alexander Hamilton looked up from the chicken bone he had just picked. "General Washington gave me a message for you, sir," he said, with an odd ring in his voice. "He directed me to tell you, with his compliments, that you do too much honor to your command."

"What does that mean?" rasped Arnold.

"He says that you could hold a hillock, single-handed, against the Duke of Marlborough himself. But you are not to think that every soldier in your post is a Benedict Arnold."

Arnold flushed. Had any young officer but Hamilton addressed him in such terms,



"Captain Vaughan, find General Knox instantly." His orders rattled like musketry; his tone was clipped and stern

he would have burst into rage. But Hamilton could outface older men. He looked gravely at Arnold and returned to his meal.

"Whether I know the capacity of my men or not," said Arnold, in his dry northern twang, "I can promise you that, if Sir Henry Clinton comes here, he will—"

AT that moment a servant handed Arnold, on a tray, the letter which the rider had just brought. He ripped it open and studied it for a long minute. Then he rose up, with an excuse, and we heard him tramp heavily upstairs. In a moment a servant came down and asked Mrs. Arnold to join him. She flashed her sunniest smile on us as she departed.

"Take care of Major Hamilton and the others, Harry," she said to me. "I will be back again in a minute."

"Our host," whispered Hamilton, "has very peculiar manners. Great Heavens—I wonder what has happened!"

There was a crash and a bound on the staircase outside; Arnold had leaped down the whole flight, breaking a loose floor board. I heard him shout to his orderly for a horse, and I heard the horse clattering over the hard ground to the gate. Hamilton looked me in the eye.

"Vaughan," he said, "this won't do. I think you should inquire at once for our hostess."

I went into the hall, and found several servants cowering by the walls. An old woman, nurse of Margaret Arnold's six-months-old infant, barred my way.

"The madam has fainted," she said.

"Where is the General going?"

She looked at me stupidly. I pushed by her and tapped at a closed door. Another old woman opened it, and I had a glimpse of Margaret stretched on a sofa. She was in a dead faint. The old woman motioned to me to stand back, and I recollected myself and went out. It was the first time in all my knowledge of her that she had fainted away. She was made of iron. She was as strong as a boy.

I went back to the dining-room and told Hamilton what I had seen.

"In the circumstances," he said, "I think we have a right to look at this message."

THERE it was, the whole damning story of Arnold's treachery: the plan of the forts, the disposition of men and guns, and a pass signed by Arnold permitting Mr. John Anderson to pass the guard at White Plains or below. Yet I did not understand it, then. It was for Hamilton's quick mind to grasp the import of these papers.

He rose like a coiled spring exploding, flinging himself out of the house and into the saddle. I followed, and before we had gone a half-mile we saw General Washington approaching. At the sight of Hamilton galloping down the road, Washington also put spurs to his horse and hurried toward us. Hamilton pulled his beast back on its haunches, slid off its back, and began to speak hastily. But Washington had also dismounted in one smooth, rolling motion; I had no notion that this grave, elderly man could move so fast.

"I understand," said Washington. "Bring every member of my staff here at once. Captain Vaughan, find General Knox instantly."

His orders rattled like musketry; his tone was clipped and stern. Gone the Virginian drawl and the gentleness of manner. To each trooper of his guard he delivered one short command. As I wheeled my horse around, men were riding past me in all directions. I found General Knox and sent him to Washington, who was then the center of a dense knot of aides and gallopers.

"Report to Major Hamilton," said Knox to me. "You will find him at headquarters. Give him this note from General Washington, and take twenty troopers with you—the best-mounted men you can find."

In five minutes after I had found Hamilton, we were riding hard on the road to the south, with a sergeant of cavalry and his men coming after us. A boggy stretch in the road forced us, after a mile or two, to reduce our pace to a walk.

"The chief has given us a wonderful opportunity," said Hamilton. "Arnold's a traitor and has fled. You and I are ordered to cut him off if possible at Verplanck's Point. That's where the river narrows."

"He went by horse."

"Only to the riverbank. He went in his barge from there."

I jumped off and pulled my horse out of a

mudhole, and we continued to make slow progress. Hamilton glanced keenly left and right.

"It no doubt occurs to you," he said, "that we are riding straight in the direction from which General Clinton is coming. Every twig that snaps in the forest sounds like a British footstep."

"Do you mean that there is more in all this than Arnold's desertion and flight. Do you mean we are in danger of attack?"

"If Harry Clinton knows his business, yes! All this will make a good day's haul for his Britannic Majesty, won't it? He expects to gain West Point, which was completely at his mercy an hour ago—and he expects to secure the persons of its garrison, plus General Washington, plus Lafayette, plus Knox. If Clinton isn't about to attack, he's more of a fool than I thought him."

We had now toiled to the top of a slight hill, from which a magnificent view unfolded. We could hear bugles sounding on both sides of the river. Bayonets glistened here and there behind us, as men were marched into new positions.

"We are in a tight corner, boy," added Hamilton. "Lose West Point, and we are done. Thank God, we have a man who can think quickly and act at once; a man who will somehow pull us out of the tightest place we have been in yet."

"A man?"

"Washington," he said simply. "In another hour Washington will have West Point defended so firmly that Julius Caesar himself couldn't take it."

His confidence in the chief put new heart into me. We found firmer ground and were able to trot; and our troopers came after us with a grand rattling of sabres and cantennas.

"But I think Washington would almost rather lose West Point than let Arnold get away," added Hamilton. "If there is one thing he can't stand,—if there is one thing he dreads and abhors and will punish up to the limit of all possible severity,—it is treachery. If we catch Arnold this afternoon, Washington will string him up to the tallest tree in West Point before sunrise tomorrow. See if he doesn't. He'll get the shortest drumhead court-martial in the history of war—and, by Heaven, he'll deserve it!"

I had never seen the sunny-hearted Alexander Hamilton in such a mood.

"And I'd like to tie the hangman's knot behind his ear," he said. "Don't look so shocked, Vaughan. You would help if you could."

I said nothing. It amazed me to find Hamilton, whose good humor was proverbial and who often said that he was temperamentally unfitted for blood and horrors, now proclaiming his desire to hang with his own hands the man who had been his host at breakfast. But treason has this effect on all fine characters. It can make the gentlest man see red.

It was with bitter disappointment that we learned from the guard at Verplanck's Point that Arnold had passed in his barge an hour before. He had waved a white flag, and the guard let him go by without challenge. They watched with amazement while he boarded the Vulture, swinging at anchor a mile below. We scanned the river, and saw the flash of white sails a long way south.

"There she goes," said Hamilton, bitterly. "A well-named bird; and she's got her bit of carrion on board her!"

We watered our horses, and while we were doing so a skiff pulled in and was challenged. "Letter for the General," called the oarsman, an old farmer who, we learned, had been supplying the Vulture with milk. He handed the letter to Hamilton. It was addressed to General Washington, and it was in Benedict Arnold's handwriting.

SO Arnold escaped from us. And Clinton did not attack. Had he received the letter and plans which Arnold had attempted to send him by Major André, I am sure that he would have done so and that West Point would have fallen. The Revolution would have failed, and the United States would still be a British dominion.

But Major André was captured, by a mere chance, at Tarrytown. The documents he carried fell into the hands of Colonel Jamieson, who could not believe his eyes and so sent them back to Arnold, instead of to Washington. Arnold made good use, as we have seen, of the brief minutes left him for escape.

Hamilton and I led our tired troopers back to headquarters at dusk. He was more composed, but he would not carry Benedict Arnold's letter. He asked me to carry it and to present it to the chief. We found General

Washington standing on the porch, receiving reports from aides who had been sent to every outpost. He looked up eagerly as he recognized us, and his face fell when Hamilton shook his head in token of failure.

"I advanced and gave Arnold's letter into General Washington's hand. The sun was just setting, and its beams stained the letter blood-red. Washington opened it swiftly, read it almost at a glance, and then stared into the sunset.

"This has been a dangerous day," he said. "I was asking myself, Whom can we trust now?"

We stood around him silently; and he towered above the group.

"There is some good in Arnold, after all," he said at last. "He took occasion to write and remind me of something. Captain Vaughan—you are an old friend of Mrs. Arnold. Go to her and say that, while it is my duty to arrest her husband, I am glad for her sake to announce that he is safe on board a British man-of-war."

Could chivalry do more? There was a sob from Hamilton, whose quick imagination first grasped the meaning of Washington's words. Knox said something under his breath, and Lafayette looked as if he were about to kneel and kiss Washington's hand. The tension lasted for a minute. Then Washington broke it, with his rare and fatherly smile.

"Come, gentlemen," said he. "We have had a trying and dangerous day. Since Mrs. Arnold is unwell and Mr. Arnold is absent, let us go in to dinner without ceremony."

FOR the rest of the story, I am indebted to a very gallant Englishman, Captain Sutherland, of the Vulture, who received Arnold on board his ship. Arnold had lost no time. He had ridden down a breakneck hill to his barge, and had told the oarsmen to take him down river at their best speed. He held a pistol at full cock in his hand. The oarsmen knew his temper, and knew that he had not scrupled, at Saratoga, to sabre an American officer who hung back from the charge. So he went down river to the Vulture, with the spectre of disgrace rising to pursue him, as it pursued him all his life. It was the bitterest hour that can come to any traitor—the hour when he realizes that his treason has failed.

The most horrible thing about treason is that it cuts off the betrayer from all human sympathy. To whom can such a man go for sanctuary? Can he fling himself, a suppliant, on the mercy of the men who encouraged his crime? There is no profit in such an act, as Judas Iscariot found, long ago, when in his hour of agony he went back to the chief priests and elders to confess his sin. He held out to them the pitiful small bribe they had given him, and he said: "I have sinned, I have betrayed innocent blood."

They looked at him with contempt. "What is that to us?" they said. "See thou to that."

Whereupon Judas, throwing the money on the floor, went out and hanged himself. Perhaps the memory of this story stirred in Benedict Arnold's dark mind as his oarsmen rowed him down the river. He knew that every man in the British army would despise him, not merely as a traitor but as a traitor who had bungled his work. He made up his mind to confess nothing, to ask for no sympathy or forgiveness. He would brazen it out—throw the blame on poor André—present himself as a great general and notable recruit to the British forces—demand money—anything, anything at all, to make treason seem respectable.

But all the money ever minted, from the beginning of the world to the end, would not have been sufficient to cover up the marks of Arnold's shame.

The coxwain of the barge was James Larvey, and he rounded the boat up under the Vulture's quarter, at Arnold's command. The presence of Arnold, with his white flag, took Sutherland by surprise, but he ordered a ladder put over the side. Arnold climbed on board.

"Where's Major André?" asked Sutherland. "I am awaiting his safe return."

Arnold gave him an angry and sullen look at this. "I am joining His Majesty's army," he said. "Major André will not return. Up



There was a crash and bound on the staircase. Arnold had leaped down the whole flight, breaking a loose floorboard

anchor and proceed at once to New York." Sutherland stared at him from the quarter-deck. Arnold turned and spoke over the rail to his boat crew:

"My lads, I have quitted the rebel army and am going into the British service. Join me and I will make corporals and sergeants of you all. And for you, Larvey, I will do something more."

Larvey stood up in the boat. He knew that the Vulture's guns were loaded and ready; one gun would have blown the barge out of the water.

"I will not fight on both sides," said Larvey to Arnold. "I wear only one coat at a time."

Arnold whirled around. "Sink that boat," he snarled to Sutherland.

The captain paid no attention. He was giving deliberate orders to get the ship under way.

Larvey looked up at the officers on her quarter-deck, and then he swept Arnold with a contemptuous glance and ran his hand sweepingly around his chin—the hangman's sign. Arnold recoiled. Then he came to the rail and addressed the bow oarsman.

"Ryan," he said, "I want you to wait a few minutes. I want to send a letter back by you. Oblige me by waiting."

The proud and autocratic general had lost his courage completely; he was begging and pleading with a common sailor. Ryan spat overboard. And Sutherland came up to Arnold and spun him around with a hand on his shoulder.

"If you have something to write," he said, "I will find a messenger to take it."

He led Arnold below, into the cabin, and put pen and paper in front of him. Arnold pressed one hand to his heart and gulped down a tumbler of water. At last he took up the pen, and addressed a letter to Washington.

"Sir," he wrote, "*The heart conscious of its own rectitude cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong. I have acted from a principle of love to my country. The same principle actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, which seldom judges right of any man's actions. I have no favor to ask for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it.*"

He stopped there and glanced at Sutherland. "This is a letter of supreme importance," he said. "I will read it to you."

Sutherland listened. "I fail to see any importance whatever in it," he said. "If you have any point to make—drive on to it."

Arnold took the pen again and wrote:

"But, from the known humanity of Your Excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me. She is as good and innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or to come to me as she may choose. She may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country. I have also to request that she be permitted to write to me."

Sutherland stared across the table at Arnold; and Arnold signed his name.

"Since you ask me," said the Englishman, "it's a letter that won't deceive General Washington for a second—all those parts about mistaken vengeance and the heart animated by its own rectitude. But there's good in it. Yes, there's good in it."

"Send it ashore at once," ordered Arnold. But Sutherland was in no hurry.

"This has been a foul and slimy business from first to last," he said. "My orders from General Clinton were to keep Major André safe on board. What has become of him? What have you done to him? If a hair of his head has been hurt, I'll make somebody suffer for it. Where is he?"

"Unfortunately," replied Arnold, "he has been captured by the rebels."

"Then he'll swing," said Sutherland, bitterly. "He'll pay the full price. What about the young men on your staff? Are they all in the plot too?"

"They are not. Their loyalty is unquestioned."

"It will be questioned," said Sutherland. "You will now open your letter and write a postscript absolving them from all blame. If you don't your letter shall not go."

Arnold sprang up. "You forget yourself," he said. "As your superior officer, I hereby relieve you from command. You will go to your cabin in arrest, and when we reach New York I will court martial you."

Sutherland remained cool. He drummed with his hand on the table top.

"Now, sir," he said in level tones, "I have every reason to believe that you are—or were—the rebel General Arnold. Your coxswain has sufficiently identified you, and he is a braver man than you are. Oh, I know your record. You admit in your letter that you've gone rotten. But you hold no rank whatever under the British crown, and I do. Interrupt me, and I'll have you gagged. Disobey me, and I'll clap you in irons. Try my patience another minute, and I'll put you ashore to be hanged. You have surprised me in one thing; you are not without chivalry to your wife. Now you can do the right thing by your staff officers—or else you can take the consequences."

Arnold opened the letter, and very slowly added a few lines exonerating his aides, Colonel Varick and Major Francks, from blame.

There were a few sharp orders on deck; and the Vulture slipped down river before a freshening northerly breeze.

IT was several days before I saw Margaret Arnold again. I had given her General Washington's message on the night before, but she could not speak. It was three days later that I saw her for the last time.

She was entirely composed. She gave me her hand and looked me sadly in the eye.

"Harry," she said, "I am going to Philadelphia, and then I shall join my husband in New York."

I could not believe it. I told her that everything in her past life was finished, that Congress would immediately pass an act granting her a divorce.

"But you don't seem to realize that I am not seeking a divorce," she said. "My place is with my husband, no matter what he has done, and I am going to him. In the darkest hour he thought of me."

She laid her hand on my arm. "You are a good friend," she said.

We parted then, and I never saw her again. But the world knows well she kept her promise. She was faithful to Arnold to the end, even as he—to give him credit in full—had been faithful to her.

So there is my story, and I hope it may meet the eye of some modern husband or son some day. You are very busy, reader; you may think you have too much on your mind to be chivalrous and courteous to some woman to whom you owe respect.

Have you more on your mind than had Benedict Arnold, when he fled down the river from the hangman's hand?

Are you busier than was General George Washington, when in his most perilous moment he found time to be kind to his betrayer's wife?

A Son of the Navahos

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

Chapter III. A CHALLENGE TO HUNT

WE traveled on and on through the beautiful forest and after crossing the heads of two of the great walled canyons going down to the Rio Grande made a very early camp in the head of a third, in which there was a little stream of clear, cold water. I asked Nacitima why we did not go on until night, and how far we then were from the Kaenkukage,—the sacred Stone Lions,—and he said that we were then very near them, but could not go to them until sunrise of the next morning, for that was the one time of day to ask for their powerful aid in the hunt.

Then we descended to the little stream, leaving two of our number at the top of the canyon wall to watch until dark for any enemy war party that might be roaming in that part of the mountains. So it was that without fear or the least uneasiness we rested beside the cool water and leisurely ate of the tortillas and other food that the women had put into our travel sacks. We had not finished eating when we heard a male turkey calling. Another and then another answered, and after a little while a band of twelve appeared on the rim of the mesa across from us and in single file came down the steep slope to drink.

Soon two thirsty elk came hurrying down to the stream, a little farther away from us. No one of us moved as we watched them, and I whispered to Nacitima, "Let me try to kill one of the elk."

He gave me no answer other than a shake of his head, a finger upon his lips. After we had watched the turkeys and the elk drink and drink and then turn and go back up the

able depth in the flats of solid rock that it crossed. We went east along it and entered a round, walled inclosure, and my eyes were big, my breath came fast, when I saw in the center of it the sacred Kaenkukage, the two Stone Lions.

They were huge; carved on a great slab of rock, they crouched side by side upon their bellies, upraised heads staring into the east, their long slim tails straight out behind them, their legs and feet set for a quick, far spring.* Wonderful, perfect was the work of the Hewendi Intowa—the Ancient Men who carved them.

We stood in a half-circle round the Sacred Ones. I handed Nacitima his shaman's sack, and he advanced and stood close upon their right and, sprinkling sacred meal to the four world quarters and above and below, made a short prayer to Those Above. He then mixed a quantity of red paint, and as the sun appeared he quickly anointed the heads of the two with it and prayed them to give us all some of their hunting knowledge, keenness of eye and sureness of approach, so that we could make a successful hunt and take home to the waiting women and children plenty of meat and hides for their food and clothing.

filed out of the inclosure, each man with a short prayer laying a prayer-stick before the two as he passed them.

When we had gone a little way out from the sacred place Nacitima called a halt and said to us: "The hunt will be from the east slope of the mountain out upon Narrow Neck mesa. You, Kutowa, will take twenty-five men, scatter them out upon the slope and drive the animals down it and out across the mesa, where at the neck we will do our best to kill them. Be sure to give us plenty of time to get there and make our screens."

Kutowa at once selected his drivers, and, though all wanted to be killers instead of drivers, none objected when his name was called. The division was soon made, and the drivers went off to the north. Nacitima led us, the killers, northeast and then east along the cliff edge of a deep canyon to the neck, where the mesa was not more than two bow shots wide. West of us the mesa broadened out to the full width of the mountain, and to the east it widened for some distance, then narrowed to a point that sloped steeply down into the river valley.

We hurried on to the hunting grounds.

more noise they could make the more successful would be the drive.

Soon after we had finished making our screens a gun boomed far to the west of us, then another, and still another, and we knew that the drive was on. The first creatures to appear were two coyotes, trotting in the dusty trail upon either side of which Nacitima and I had built our screens. They never paused or looked back until they had passed us; then when the west wind gave them our scent they leaped forward, whirled about, sniffed the wind and, making sure that we were very near them, went on so fast that they seemed to be only disappearing streaks of gray.

NEXT came two bull elk, walking steadily along a trail to the north of us. As they reached the screens of the watchers there we heard the twang! twang! of bow strings, saw the animals leap and then go staggering on and fall one after the other. Then came three buck deer along our trail, and we gave two of them death shots, Nacitima shooting the leader, the next in line, as he had told me to do. We were hidden so close to the trail—no more than four steps from it—that we could not fail, I thought, to drive our arrows in deep enough to pierce heart or lungs. We saw the two deer fall, the third run on. A mountain lion passed us with great leaps, and soon afterward bands of deer, elk and turkeys came hurrying along upon all the five trails across the neck, and we shot and shot at them as they passed our hiding places. Then suddenly the rush of the game was over, and the drivers appeared and joined us as we hurried out from our screens to the kills. I counted my remaining arrows and found that I had fired fourteen. I ran from one kill to another out along the line of the trail that Nacitima and I had watched, and when I found my arrows in but three of the animals—two deer and an elk—I knew that I had been too excited to aim carefully. Nacitima had fired but seven arrows and had made six kills! I told him with great shame of my few kills and my missing arrows and felt better when he replied that for a boy I had done well.

Drivers and trail watchers together, we had killed more than a hundred deer and elk. We all went to work upon the animals, skinning them and quartering the meat, and before we had finished the women of our party, with some men to guard them, came, as they had been told to come, with horses upon which to pack home the kills. We had to wait a long time for the drivers to go back for the meat and the hides of their kills, but none minded the delay. The women chatted and laughed and joked and sang, and the men told their experiences of the day, and one and all praised Nacitima. In making him the new samayo ojki, the Patuaba had done well. The great success of this, his first big hunt, was proof that the Stone Lions had heard his prayers.

Owing to the difficulty that we had in rafting our meat and hides across the river we did not get home until noon the next day. Like the other hunters, we at once gave a part of our meat to those who had remained to guard the pueblo, and Nacitima was particularly careful in selecting the choice parts of an elk and a deer for Tetia. Lone Rock, who was sent to deliver it, came back at once, trembling, with the report that Tetia had roared at him that he would have no meat in his house that was killed by Navahos or by those that sheltered Navahos.

"Very well," said Nacitima. "Those Above know that I have always tried to be friendly with Tetia. They will not blame me when I now say that from this day I shall never invite him to join my hunting parties."

DURING the hunt Kutowa had been so busy keeping his drivers in line that he had not been able to kill a single head of game. We therefore gave him, as did other killers, some of our meat, and I gave Choromana the hide of the elk that I had killed. That made her very happy. It was, she said, the thing that she most needed. I would see how soft and white she tanned it, what fine new leggings she would make with part of it—yes, and something for me with the other part.

Several days later, as she was working on the hide and I on the roof of our pueblo, Ogota and his father came along. Ogota saw two friends in the doorway and went to talk with them. Ogota's father asked whose kill it was. She told him, and he became very angry.

"Throw it away at once!" cried Ogota's father. "You should know better than to take anything from that Navaho dog. It will only bring trouble of some kind if you keep it. Hand it here and I will burn it."

"He is not a dog! He was a Navaho; he is



"Throw it away at once!"
cried Ogota's father.
"You should know better
than to take anything
from that Navaho dog"

slope and out of sight Nacitima explained: "Even if we were starving, we should not have attempted to kill any of them. Not an arrow or a bullet is to be fired at bird or animal until we have asked the Powerful Ones out there to help us make a successful hunt."

Night came; our watchers joined us, and we soon slept. Nacitima awoke us just before dawn, and we hurriedly washed, drank, ate a few mouthfuls of food and were ready to follow him up to the canyon head. We went a little way out across the mesa east of it and came to an old trail running east and west—a trail that had been used so much in the long ago that it was worn down to a notice-

And finally he laid a prayer-stick in front of the two and asked that they join in his prayer to the Sun Father to make smooth and long the paths of our lives. After that we

*The Stone Lions, about thirty miles southwest of San Ildefonso Pueblo, were carved by men of a nearby Queres pueblo that was in ruins long before Coronado's discovery of the country, in 1540. Ignorant white prospectors in crazy search for gold have dynamited the slab of rock of which the idols are a part and upheaved and tunneled under it. But still pilgrimages are made to the place from all the Indian pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and the idols are anointed with red earth paint and worshiped, just as they have been for untold centuries.

It was near noon when we arrived at the neck and scattered out across it. Nacitima made his stand on the north side of a game trail that ran through the center of the neck and placed me upon the south side of it. We hurriedly made screens of boughs that we broke from young pines, got behind them, strung our bows and, drawing forth some arrows, eagerly watched for game of some kind to appear. Nacitima and several other watchers had guns as well as bows and arrows, but they did not mean to use them, as the loud reports would cause the game to turn about and break through the line of the drivers. The drivers, however, were to use their few guns at every opportunity; the

now a Tewa," she answered. "A good hunter too. He is good to me. I shall keep the hide, tan it white and soft, make leggins and one other thing with it."

Ogota heard the loud words, and came over to stand by his father's side.

"You shall do no such work," said Ogota.

In my anger, without considering what it might lead to, I shouted at Ogota, "When you go about ordering people to throw away hides you should have with you hides of your killing to give in place of them."

"Ha! I am a better hunter than you!"

"Prove it. Here is your chance. Kutowa says that on our hunt he saw a big long-claws bear (grizzly) sneak back through his line of drivers. That bear is now, they say, living upon the remains of the animals we killed and can easily be found. Go up there and try to kill him. If you fail, I will try to get him. If I fail, you shall have another chance. By turns we will keep after the bear, and the one of us that kills him is the better hunter."

"Ha! Fair offer apparently, but behind it some Navaho treachery, of course! I refuse to hunt against you!" Ogoti replied quickly.

Some one behind him spoke: "The offer is fair enough. We will see to it that all is straightly done. You must accept it. We must have more of these contests; they are what make powerful warriors of our young men."

Ogota whirled about and faced the summer cacique. Behind the cacique were a number of people who had stopped to listen to our angry talk. Ogota stared at them and spoke not a word.

"It is then that you are afraid to hunt the long-claws. Ah, ah! Our Tewa youths become less and less brave. I have grave fears for the future of our pueblo!" the old man explained bitterly.

"I am not afraid," said Ogota at last. "It is as I said. I believe this Navaho has some treachery hidden behind his offer."

"The hunt shall be as fair for one of you as for the other. We shall attend to that. So you will hunt against him?"

"Yes."

"Good! I shall call upon your father and Nacitima and others to come to my house this evening and decide with me upon the way this bear hunt is to be carried out," said the summer cacique and went his way. So did the listeners, talking excitedly.

Ogota turned and glared up at me and went out of our plaza.

Throwing her half-tanned elk hide over her shoulder, Choromana hurried up the ladder and stood beside me. "You got too angry at him; you should never have made this dangerous offer. The long-claws are terrible fighters. Our bravest warriors avoid them. Never in my lifetime has the skin of one been brought into this pueblo."

I knew far better than she how very terrible a wounded long-claws is. Many a Navaho hunter had been killed by them in the San Juan forests and in the mountains of the Apaches. Already I felt half sick and hated myself for not having kept control of my tongue. But I would never, never let her know that I had fear of any long-claws.

"Do not worry about me. I shall kill the bear and never get so much as a scratch of its claws!" I boasted and saw by the change in her face that I had lifted her fears.

It came to me then that I had never appreciated how good she had always been to me. I suddenly realized that I had great love for her, that I cared for her more than all else on earth. And now, through the fault of

my own hasty tongue, it was likely that I was soon to die and so lose the long years of happiness that I might have had with her. But perhaps she did not care enough for me for that. I had to know. "Choromana, later on when we are a little older, may I be your man?" I asked.

She pressed my hand, and her eyes shone, oh, so beautifully, as she answered: "You, and no other! Oh, I have long, long wanted to hear you ask that!"

Just then Kelemana came running up the ladder, followed by Nacitima and my brother. Coming in from the fields, they had heard of my challenge to Ogota, and even before she came upon the roof Kelemana began to scold me and cry out that she would not allow me to hunt the long-claws. She turned to Nacitima and cried that as he loved her he too must forbid this, the crazy challenge of a boy.

He drew her gently to his side and replied: "The challenge has been offered and accepted. The summer cacique has approved it. There is but one thing for me to do: help

our boy in every way that I honestly can."

SAD-FACED and silent, Kelemana prepared and gave us our evening meal and then, taking up a prayer-stick, went out to place it at one of the shrines beyond the pueblo walls. Nacitima had my brother start a fire in the hearth, and when it was burning well he sat before it, sprinkled sacred meal and, dedicating all his attention to Those Above, prayed to them a long time silently. He finished just as a messenger came to him from the summer cacique. As Nacitima went out he said: "Either this council agrees to my terms or there shall be no bear hunt."

It was late when Nacitima returned from the council. Kutowa was with him. Both smiled grimly as they sat down with us.

"We had a hard words-fight with the men of the Fire clan, but we won," said Nacitima. "The council began smoothly enough, and it was soon agreed that Ogota should go first to try to kill the long-claws. If he fails to kill it, you, my son, are to go and hunt it. If he does kill it, then you are to hunt and kill some other long-claws; and if you fail, he is to be declared the better hunter. If you both kill, you will be equally good hunters."

Two advisers shall go with each hunter. A relative in Ogota's Fire clan and a man of our clan shall be Ogota's advisers. Another member of the Fire clan and Kutowa shall be your advisers. Ogota's father said that the hunt should be with guns, and I stood out for bow and arrows and got the decision, the four chiefs believing that Those Above would not favor the use of Spanish weapons in a contest of this kind. There, that is all. Tomorrow Ogota and his advisers go in quest of that long-claws."

"Not all. Who of our clan goes with Ogota?" Kelemana asked.

"Potosha (White Antelope). We spoke to him upon our way here."

"A man of straight tongue, straight life. Good!" she said.

On the following day when Ogota left for the mountains with his two advisers, Honani (Badger) of his own clan and Potosha of ours, I became most uneasy. So anxious was I to know what Ogota was doing and whether he would actually kill the big long-claws that I could hardly eat, sleep or take interest in anything that we did.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Nacitima, dedicating all his attention to Those Above, prayed to them a long time

THE Wilburs, who lived less than a mile from our old farm in Maine, were "Province" people, from Nova Scotia, the family consisting of the father, Samuel, Salome, the mother, and three children, Edgar of about my own age, and two younger daughters, Georgie and Elsie, these latter not far from the age of my cousin Ellen.

Their Yankee neighbors were wont to call them Bluenoses, from a notion that the climate of Nova Scotia is very cold, though in point of fact it is no colder than that of Maine and often not so cold.

Back in Revolutionary days, the grandparents of the Wilburs had been royalists who fled from Massachusetts to escape the indignation of their more patriotic fellow-citizens who were fighting for America's freedom at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. The Wilburs, like many others, had remained loyal to King George and migrated to the Province. For some reason, however, the family had not prospered in Nova Scotia, and after two generations this branch of it came back to the United States.

There are, of course, schools in Nova Scotia; yet it became evident that these Wilburs, during the period of their expatriation, had not kept pace with us Americans in the matter of education and progress. In other words, they had remained rather old-fashioned in their beliefs. Mother Salome confided to our folks that a "bad sign" had attended their coming to Maine: a partridge from the near-by woods had flown blindly through the window, broken a pane of glass and fallen bleeding at her feet. She had felt sure at the time, she said, that this was a "warning" to them not to return to Maine; but, as their preparations had been already made to do so, they set off.

Now partridges when frightened are birds of swift flight. Time and again at our old farm windows had been broken by them. Once, while Theodora was ironing at a table by one of the kitchen windows, a partridge crashed through the glass and fell stunned on the very table in front of her. So far from

being alarmed by the circumstance, we had the bird for dinner—a perfectly good bird with no harm whatever following its ingestion.

But in the minds of the Wilburs, such happenings were of sinister import; and on the spring morning of my story, when a partridge flew against the back door of their farmhouse, that old superstition revived in the mind of Salome Wilbur. She had heard the noise at the door and on opening found the bird dead at her feet. Thereupon sudden gloom descended on her spirits. The conviction took possession of her that this was "warning" number two—warning of her approaching death.

Immigrants from Finland bring with them a similar superstition regarding the partridge. "Bad birds," they say of them. "Bring sickness; soon be death in the family, if a partridge flies into the house!"

Probably this foolishness concerning the partridge is all due to the fact that it is a bird of little natural intelligence and flies in a headlong manner.

Ridiculous as it may appear, this delusion so disturbed the thoughts of Salome Wilbur that in the course of a week or two her health began to suffer. Her appetite failed; she grew wan and pale. So sure she felt her end was approaching that she actually began to prepare the children's clothes for the loss of maternal care. By another week she had become too feeble to do her housework; and when, toward the end of February, two partridges came at twilight for several days in succession and alighted in an apple tree beside the corncrib near the back of the house, the poor woman's fears were confirmed. For her the end of all earthly things was at hand!

The Robin Treatment

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

The partridges were there, of course, to feed on the fruit buds of the apple tree, of which they are fond. At the Old Squire's we had sometimes to frighten them away with a gun, lest the season's crop of fruit might be impaired. But for this too credulous woman the "bad birds" had come to repeat those former warnings. Pale and listless, she now sat for the most of the time at a window, awaiting her fate.

RUMOR had gone abroad among the older people of the place that Salome Wilbur had "the blues," although I do not recall that we young people heard of it, or, if we did, that we gave it any attention. The Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth, who always had the welfare of their neighbors much at heart, made it in their way to call and learn if possible what was troubling her. They found her very loath to talk or reveal the cause of her melancholia; such reticence was quite characteristic of cases like hers. Through her husband, however, the facts came out; and our folks then attempted to reason with the woman and laugh away her foolish fears. It was nonsense, they assured her, to believe that birds brought warnings to human beings.

"Ah, but we don't know what partridges may be told to do," Salome sighed despondently. "We don't know what the Lord puts into their little minds to tell us! They are sent to prepare us for the Great Change!"

In short, they found it of small use to reason with her.

"But why partridges?" the Old Squire questioned. "Why not crows, or the bluebird, or robins? These other birds will all come as spring opens. Why do you not fear them, Salome?" he persisted.

To this, of course, the poor soul had not much to answer; she had passed the point when argument could help her, but did look up and brighten for a moment, to declare that robins were "good birds," and that when they arrived and began to sing she knew that Providence had overlooked our faults and that another year of crops and sunshine would be granted us.

"Then, if it had been a robin, instead of a partridge, that flew against the door, it wouldn't have alarmed you?" the Old Squire asked, for he wanted to get to the bottom of what was troubling her.

Nothing save a heavy sigh was elicited by this latter question, though after some time the woman asserted that robins never did such things. "They bring the good messages," she said.

It was then that a droll idea came into the Old Squire's mind. On their way home that evening, he pondered it smilingly; and I remember that next morning, at the breakfast table, he astonished us not a little by glancing across at Addison and asking, "My son, do you suppose you could make a robin?"

"You mean a bird, sir?" Ad inquired, much puzzled.

"Yes, a bird."

"Well, if I had to produce a robin, sir, I rather think I would try to go in company with a pair of old birds to their nest and kidnap a young one, after it was half-grown."

"I don't want to wait so long as that," the Old Squire objected, laughing. "I want it right away, by tomorrow. The case is urgent."

"But must it be a real, live robin?" Addison questioned, while Theodora and Ellen laughed outright. "Must it fly and sing?"

"Well, I want it to sit on a tree; and as for singing, it must needs cry, 'Piff! Piff!' in true robin fashion. Perhaps you could imitate that note with your bird call."

"Maybe I might be able to rig up something that resembles a robin," Addison finally said doubtfully. "But what for?"

And the girls echoed, "What is it for, Gramp?"

"That I would rather not explain just yet," the Old Squire parried. "But I want that robin."

Still looking a good deal puzzled, Addison went to the workbench in the wagon house and began to cast about for materials from which to contrive the effigy of a robin. At first he started with a chunk of grafting wax, used for setting scions in apple trees, but soon threw that aside and took a small block of soft pine wood cut from a piece of pine plank. From this, with his knife, he fashioned something in the form of a robin. Then making holes with an awl, he inserted a bit of split goose quill in the head, for a beak, and made two black dots with ink, for eyes.

Afterwards he colored the head and back brown, with umber, and painted the breast red. For legs he stuck two bits of wire into awl holes, leaving the wire long enough to bend around for feet. A little bunch of short feathers from the henhouse, inserted into more awl holes, furnished the tail.

THE contraption really resembled a robin when seen at a distance. The whole family came out to inspect it, and there was much joking and laughter, all the more because as yet none of us young folks had the slightest idea of what the Old Squire intended to do with it, and were fairly consumed with curiosity. Grandmother Ruth, I recollect, stood near by, looking very sedate and somewhat discomposed.

"Now, Ad, let's hear you sing!" Ellen cried; but Addison declared he would have to practice a bit in private first, and a few minutes later, we heard him out in the west barn, piping, "Piff! Piff! Piff!" and presently, "Tulip! Tulip! Skillet! Skillet!" then more "Piffs."

Strategy was now necessary; and the Old Squire's next move mystified me completely, for he sent me up to the Wilbur farm, to see if Wilbur, senior, and Edgar had come back from the cedar swamp where they were at work that day, getting out hop poles. I found that they had not yet returned and were not expected until six o'clock in the afternoon.

Ellen and Theodora were then sent to invite Georgie and Elsie Wilbur to go with

them to call on Catherine Edwards. This left no one at home at the Wilburs, except the despondent mother.

The coast being thus clear, the Old Squire took Addison aside and gave him secret instructions, which were to the effect that he should take his robin, with a spool of linen

look casually out of the back window and espy a robin in the apple tree!

"Why, Salome!" he shouted. "There's a robin! There's your 'good bird' just come from the south with his joyous tidings for you! Come here and see him sitting up there and singing. Don't you hear him?"



The whole family came in to inspect it, and there was much joking and laughter

thread, to the Wilbur place and gain cover of the corner by the apple tree. There he was to lie in wait till he saw the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth approach by the road and enter the house. As expeditiously as possible he was then to climb the apple tree and attach the pseudo robin to a high limb, after which he should descend to the cover of the corner and begin his vocal efforts at robin music.

What actually happened was that, shortly after the old folks called on Mrs. Wilbur in the afternoon, the Old Squire appeared to

Sure enough, a merry "Piff! Piff!" was heard, followed by a very fair imitation of "Tulip! Tulip! Skillet! Skillet!"

At first the sad-faced woman seemed scarcely to hear or credit what was being said to her. A look of surprise then dawned slowly on her woe-begone countenance; and when they hurried her to the window she grasped the sides of the sash with both hands and stared dully out in silence for some moments. At last the semblance of a smile overspread her face; and as that smart "Piff! Piff!" again resounded across the

yard, she cried out suddenly, then burst forth weeping as if the long despair that had fallen on her mind could only be dissolved by tears.

Her sympathetic visitors went on conversing cheerily with her.

"Have no more fear," they bade her. "The robins have come. They are singing their songs of hope for you."

"Oh, can I believe this?" the poor soul exclaimed. "Is it true?"

"But don't you hear that 'good bird' singing?" the smiling Old Squire demanded. "Tulip! Tulip! Skillet! Skillet! That means, 'Cheer up! Cheer up! Laugh for gladness! Be your old self again!'"

And before our folks took leave they had the satisfaction of seeing that a new hope had dawned in that superstition-saddened mind.

Addison meantime had espied Neighbor Wilbur and Edgar at a distance, approaching along the road, and so, hastily pulling down his robin, he decamped.

For prudential reasons we never allowed this escapade to be known outside our own family at the old farm.

Salome Wilbur lived for twenty-six years afterward and had no more trouble from those "bad birds," the partridges.

"That was a queer thing for us to do," Grandmother Ruth often remarked, in after years. "I never felt quite right about the deception we practiced. But perhaps it will be forgiven us, if it preserved poor Salome's reason and saved her life," she was wont to add placidly.

The Old Squire's view was a little different. Once, long afterward, when Addison joked him about it, I recall that the old gentleman was silent for a moment, and then said:

"There is no doubt, I suppose, that every deception, every falsehood, every departure from truth, is wrong and does harm in the Great Scheme of things, and also injures the character of the person concerned in it. In a case like that of Salome Wilbur, however, it is not easy to decide whether the harm done by the deception is offset, or more than offset, by what resulted from it. Pity for that poor woman led us to deceive her, and good appeared to follow; but the longer I live the more certain I become that the great moral laws which govern mankind are not to be lightly tampered with."



Anne's life was spent in wistful shyness

Anne Terry from Gum Shoe Road

By BERTHA HELEN CRABBE

Illustrated by BENJAMIN

a bright glory of youth to fill the quiet dim old house, stream out into the neglected garden and touch to life the shaky old summer-house. After that, she felt, she would be in things instead of out of them; she would not be just "that niece of Miss Rodman's from Gum Shoe Road"; she would be one of the elect. She did not long to be a glorious, shining one haloed by popularity and leadership; just to be "one of them," an unassuming everyday "one of them," was enough.

But no one had ever asked Anne Terry what she wanted most in the world. There was no one to ask her except Aunt Harriet Rodman and it would never have occurred to Aunt Harriet to do so; and just as Aunt Harriet would never have thought of asking Anne what she wanted most in the world, so Anne would never have dreamed of telling Aunt Harriet. Aunt Harriet's life was spent in her study where she wrote substantial books that appeared to the public bound in substantial bindings and Anne's life was spent in wistful shyness.

In her heart of hearts, Anne was afraid of Aunt Harriet. When her mother died Anne, a trembling little girl of eight, had come to live in the gloomy "Rodman mansion" with this tall, serious-faced Aunt Harriet, who had turned from her work to look at the child with an absent frown, and

then had said, "How do you do, Anne," and to the woman who had accompanied Anne on the journey, "Take her to the guest-room; Katie will show you the way."

Aunt Harriet had not meant to be unkind. Even at eight as she lay sobbing in the great chill guest-room, Anne had known it was not that. It was just as Katie said, trying to comfort her, "Miss Rodman, she don't know nothing about children. She don't know what to say to 'em nor how to act to 'em. It's my opinion they embarrass her. Lots of folks that ain't accustomed to children feels that way. But never mind, dearie, she'll get over it."

Perhaps she might have "got over it" if Anne had not been so shy; but people had to go more than half way to meet Anne, and Aunt Harriet though she did go a blundering, embarrassed halfway for a time, could not seem to go that little more which would have removed the barrier. To all appearances Anne and Aunt Harriet were friends, but there was no real understanding between them. Anne lived her life; Aunt Harriet lived hers.

Anne was often conscious of these opportunities—little incidents that might have become points of contact between her and her aunt. One especially stood out crystal-clear in her memory.

She was twelve then, full of eager antici-

pation of wonderful friendships with other children, and had started to attend the village school. She had even from shy observation selected two girls, Sue Preston and Sallie King, whose friendship would be an unbelievably beautiful thing. She wove many a shining dream around Sue Preston and Sallie King. She saw herself walking arm in arm with them, and having them to the house to spend a night or go boating on the river. She had dreamed of friendship with these girls for two years before she went to school; then, when she did go, it was only to come up against the barrier that divided the village children from the children of Gum Shoe Road.

Once Gum Shoe Road had been Pine Street, the best street in town. There the fashionable people built "mansions" with gardens sloping to the river. But now the "Rodman mansion" was the only one left. Instead, there were factory tenements, which had fallen into such neglect that only a scattering of foreigners, negroes and the riff-raff of the town would occupy them. Pine Street, deep in mud, became known contemptuously as Gum Shoe Road, but Miss Rodman, immersed in her work and loving the old Rodman place, which with its acre of "park" effectually isolated her from a bothersome world, never dreamed of moving to a more desirable neighborhood.

It was Anne who realized to the full the tragedy of living on Gum Shoe Road, for between the children of Gum Shoe Road and those of the village there existed an hostility which at times amounted to actual warfare. To the village children nothing good could come out of Gum Shoe Road.

In all probability Anne would not have been classed with the social outlaws of her neighborhood had she not deliberately chosen to be. On her first school day one of the village children had unfortunately snickered when Anne stated that she lived on Gum Shoe Road, and Anne's pride was hurt to the quick. Although she never associated with the dirty, disreputable urchins or deigned to take part in their warfare against the village children, she immediately cast her lot among the children of her neighborhood. By a strange coincidence,

it was on the very day when the village children threw mud at the children of Gum Shoe Road that Anne almost reached a point of contact between herself and Aunt Harriet, but let it slip. The village children hid behind a fence and waited for the children from Gum Shoe Road to pass on their way home. Anne, too, had to pass that way. When the mud began to fly, the children of Gum Shoe Road overtaken by surprise began to run. Anne was too proud to run. With shoulders square, head high, face white, she walked slowly, deliberately down the road in full range of the mudballs. Her dress was covered with mud, it dripped from her as she walked; a stone cut her forehead. Still she walked slowly on until the sheer grandeur of her proud, solitary, defenselessness overcame the enemy entirely and they stopped throwing mud to gaze at her in admiring awe.

At home, she tore off her muddy dress and hid it under the summer-house; she bathed her face in the river. But with all her precautions she could not hide the cut on her forehead.

When Aunt Harriet asked about the cut Anne said quietly, controlling her hurt pride by sheer force of will, "The village children, threw mud at the children from Gum Shoe Road, and I was hit by a stone."

ON her seventeenth birthday Anne longed as ardently as ever for "a party." She went out to the summer-house that afternoon to write a letter to Aunt Harriet and took the local paper with her. The letter finished, she opened the paper eagerly. No one would have dreamed that Anne Terry, known in the village only as "that niece of Miss Rodman's from Gum Shoe Road," could enjoy reading about the social events of the town. No one would have thought the amateurish little paper a periodical to look forward to with any great pleasure or to dream over for days afterwards. But no one knew Anne Terry's loneliness.

Today she read about a church social. Mrs. Lansdon and Mrs. Smith "served." Mr. Allen Brown "rendered a solo." Miss Alice Kane recited "admirably." Anne knew none of these people except in the columns of the paper and in the dreams she wove about them, but she was quite excited about the "social." "I might have been there," she whispered. She imagined herself one of a group of chattering young people being served by Mrs. Lansdon. She imagined Miss Alice Kane returning to sit beside her after her recitation, rosy, excited, tremulous.

She read on down the page. Finally the names that she always especially sought for, the names that gave her a thrill of delight as if they really did belong to her most intimate friends, sprang out at her. "Last Saturday the Misses Sue Preston and Sallie King gave a picnic party. The young people went to the country by stage and had lunch in the woods. They returned home laden with violets and reported a glorious time spent in the open."

Eagerly Anne read this "item of interest." She imagined herself as one of the guests. She imagined getting the invitation, then she imagined sitting in the stage between Sue and Sallie. She imagined the singing, the laughter, the gay companionship. She imagined lunch spread in the woods, and so on through the whole beautiful day until at last the stage stopped at the Rodman mansion and Anne alighted amid, "Three cheers for Anne Terry!" Then perhaps Anne would say, "Next Saturday come to my house, everybody! We'll have a party!"

It was a beautiful dream. Anne drew the writing paper toward her and "just for fun" began to compose invitations for the Saturday party which she had imagined.

"Sallie dear:

Don't forget to come to my party, Saturday, the eleventh, at three o'clock!!!!

As ever your devoted friend,
Anne Terry."

And—

"Darling Sue:

Just to jog your memory I take my pen in hand to say that you are invited to a party at the home of Miss Anne Terry on Saturday, the eleventh, at three o'clock.

Your lovingest,

Anne."

Again "just for fun," she slipped the notes into envelopes and addressed them. Then after looking at them for an instant, she suddenly flung them from her with a hard little laugh, sprang to her feet, dashed across the garden, stepped into the old row-boat and for a full hour fought the lump in her throat by pulling against the tide.

The sun was setting as she drifted home.

AS she walked up through the garden she thought of the letters and newspaper she had left in the summer-house, but when she went for them, they were not there. She hurried to the house and into the kitchen. "Katie," she said, "can you tell me what has become of the papers I had in the summer-house?"

"Yes, dearie," Katie replied, beaming, "I brought 'em in. I put the paper on the hall table, and as Lydia was startin' for the village I slapped stamps on the letters and let her take 'em to the post-office. Why, what's the matter, Miss Anne?"

"How long has Lydia been gone?" Anne demanded fiercely.

"An hour or more."

Anne gasped.

"Whatever's the matter, Miss Anne?"

"N-nothing. I mean, something—"

she rushed from the room.



She saw herself walking arm in arm with Sue Preston and Sallie King



With shoulders square, head high, face white, she walked slowly, deliberately, down the road in full range of the mudballs

Standing in the window of her bedroom, she remembered every word of those silly notes of invitation to an imaginary party. "Sallie dear. . . ." "as ever, your devoted friend. . . ." "Darling Sue. . . ." "Just to jog your memory I take my pen in hand. . . ." "Your lovingest, Anne."

Anne grew hot and sick with shame. Anne dashed toward the telephone in the hall. But when she tried to imagine how she would explain to the girls, she stopped short. "I don't care what they think," she said with a proud toss of her head; "I'm not going to humble myself by explaining."

But though she had taken this determined stand, it did not seem to help matters. She had invited Sue Preston and Sallie King to a party to be given the next day at three o'clock. They might come, and they would of course find no party, then they would naturally ask for an explanation and Aunt Harriet would hear about it and—Anne's heart missed a beat. Aunt Harriet would think her a fool. Aunt Harriet never minced words; no one was silly or mistaken to her. Anne clenched her hands. Above all Aunt

Harriet must not think her a "fool." She made another dash toward the telephone. Again she stopped short; a clear light of deliverance flashed upon her. Suppose she should actually have the party!

She ran down stairs to the study before her courage had time to cool.

"Come in," Aunt Harriet said in answer to her knock.

"Aunt Harriet," said Anne, "I should like to give a party tomorrow afternoon if you are willing."

She would not say "may I give a party," and perhaps it was the sharp little edge of pride in her voice which brought the momentary gleam of antagonism to Aunt Harriet's eyes.

"A party?"

"Yes; I have never asked you for a party before; Aunt Harriet. I don't believe I've ever asked you for anything before." Her eyes met Aunt Harriet's squarely, challengingly.

"Well," Aunt Harriet assented, "so long as you don't bother me about it."

"Thank you. And may I send the invitations in your name? You see, I don't know these young people, and it would look strange unless you invited them for me."

"Yes, say I'm giving it in your honor, and I'll lend my presence to the festivities for a little while."

The color rushed over Anne's face at the hint of mockery in her aunt's voice. "Thank you," she said, and left the room.

Aunt Harriet thoughtfully jabbed her pen into a blotter for a long time after Anne left. Then she wrote a check and sent it to Anne by Katie. "For the party," she explained.

Had it not been for Katie and Lydia, Anne knew she would have fled like a coward from the task confronting her. A party, invitations, refreshments, games, music, flowers—all the preparations to be crowded into a few hours; it was a stupendous thing for a girl who scarcely knew what a party was like. But Katie and Lydia rushed into action magnificently. They knew where to borrow a phonograph, where to buy favors, what to do about everything.

Meanwhile Sue Preston and Sallie King puzzled over their invitations.

fun, and she must want friends or she wouldn't give a party. I think we ought to meet her at least halfway."

"All right, I'm willing," said Sallie.

To Anne time sped away with incredible swiftness, and two o'clock Saturday afternoon found her dressed in her best white voile huddled on a bench in the summer-house in a heap of despair.

"I shall never be able to do it," she thought. "To stand there and receive all those strange girls and boys; to explain those silly notes to Sue Preston and Sallie King; to know that maybe Aunt Harriet is sneering—no, she wouldn't sneer, of course. But, oh, if I could only tell her all about it; how frightened I am and miserable and afraid they won't like me and won't take me in, after all. Oh, if I fail, if they don't like me and let me be one of them—" Suddenly she paused, "Coward!" she taunted herself.

Presently she rose and walked to the house.

IT was a very straight, rather haughty-looking and extremely pale young girl who received her guests at three o'clock. Those first ten minutes were terrible when her hands were like ice and her lips would tremble and she seemed helplessly alone in a staring, antagonistic world which she must win over to like her. There was nothing heroic about her undertaking now. It was foolish to have risked the uncertainty of her dreams of friendship for this hideous certainty of failure to win it. But in a little while Aunt Harriet appeared at Anne's side, and then, marvel of marvels, everything began to work out beautifully. The constrained atmosphere of the gathering became easy and natural. Smiles were more ready and friendly. A warm glow of up-springing hope went to Anne's heart. Was the party going to be a success? Were these girls and boys going to like her? The words of welcome came more easily to her lips. She discovered that she was saying and doing just the right things! A thrilling, glorious excitement swept over her.

She glanced up at Aunt Harriet. It was she who was doing this; she, with her well-chosen words and her laughter, who was putting everyone at ease and making the party a success. Why was she doing it, why was she exerting herself to the utmost though it looked so easy upon the surface? She must be doing it for Anne! There could be no other reason! Shyly, tentatively Anne smiled at her, and Aunt Harriet gave a little nod of such complete understanding that tears of joy came into Anne's eyes.

After that the party was one bright, ever uplifting sweep of sheer happiness. It was all, and more, than Anne had ever dreamed a party could be. The boys and girls liked her; they really liked her. Before the glory of it the shy, sensitive Anne expanded like a flower opening to the sun. Aunt Harriet looked at her in astonishment. Could this bright-cheeked, joyous, loveable and loving Anne be the cold, reserved girl whom she had known all these years?

Anne, watching Aunt Harriet make the party a success for her, had that same sense of something beautiful and precious which had come near to her and was waiting shyly.

To this new glad Anne all that had seemed tragically difficult and insurmountable gave way as if by magic. She could even laugh about the affectionately worded notes as she explained them to Sue Preston and Sallie King, and they laughed with her; but there was a sympathetic understanding in their laughter that warmed Anne's heart. If they had felt any of the expected "awkwardness" about the notes, it had vanished long ago. There was no resisting this warm, joyous Anne with her arms outstretched for friendship. "I like you, Anne Terry," said Sue impulsively, "and I want to know you better. You must go camping with Sallie and me this summer."

When the last guest had gone and quiet had settled over the house, Anne stole out to the summer-house. The sky was bright with the after-glow. The river brimmed with color. Anne stood there, quietly, thankfully happy.

Presently she heard a step on the path and turned to see Aunt Harriet coming toward her. Not a word was exchanged between the two, but when Aunt Harriet extended her arms to Anne, and Anne ran to her and kissed her, both knew that the barrier between them had been swept away forever.

Later that summer, Anne did go camping with Sue and Sallie, and in the autumn the three were inseparable.

As a Yale student, Walter Camp studied hard—but not too hard for companionship. He was elected to a senior society. In every way, he was one of the most popular men of his time. His strong interest in anatomy made the choice of medicine and surgery an entirely natural one, although some of his closest friends wondered why he did not go into finance or banking. "He would have made a shrewd and useful dealer in securities," says his closest associate in business, "and he might have brought about the same kind of reforms in the Stock Exchange that he did in football." But this did not happen. He was elected Class Poet, being one of the few first-rate athletes who had ever been so honored. Then he entered the Yale Medical School and studied faithfully for two years.

Meeting his friend, Walter Jennings, in New York City, at the end of that time, Walter Camp astonished him by remarking that he had left the Medical School and was looking for a chance in business.

"You are joking," said Jennings. "You can't be serious. Why, you are practically a doctor now; and you will be a wonderfully good doctor. You can't mean to give it up after all your study."

"But I do," returned Camp.

"Is there any good reason?"

"The fact is," said Walter Camp, "that I can't bear the sight of blood."

If you have any idea of him as a hard or callous man who was attracted to football by its toughness and hardness, this little story will be revealing. One can imagine Walter Camp winning very high honors as a physician or surgeon, because he had the charm of manner, the keen love of research and the exceedingly systematic habits of mind which make a great doctor. But he made up his mind that he could not go through with it; and this choice of medicine was perhaps the only time in his life when he made a decision that proved to be a mistake. Having admitted that he had made a mistake, he acted swiftly—he left the school with the knowledge that he had wasted two years of his life. It is true that his medical training helped him a little in his work in later life, but only a little. You will gain a new impression of his gentleness by remembering that he could not bear the sight of blood.

"One Jump Ahead"

"He had a patent on football," says Frederick Trevor Hill. "It was Camp's game, and he made up the rules as he went along. Under such conditions, it was almost impossible to beat Yale."

These conditions were not brought about, however, without hard effort on the part of Camp. As a young man in business, with no private income, he had no time to give football his full attention during the mornings and afternoons of each day. He had to find—and he did find—some one who could patiently collaborate with him. The discovery of this person was, beyond doubt, the most astonishing good fortune of his whole career.

Camp was no doubt the first American athletic coach who kept a notebook. In fact, he began to keep one while he was still at school, and he never outgrew its use. Watching a football play, or taking part in it himself, he saw the possibilities of improved tactics by noting down the actions of the players, and the way in which they were distributed to meet attack or grouped and moved to help the carrier of the ball.

All these observations, no matter how inconclusive, were entered in Camp's book. After the games he studied his notes and with their help devised new ways of advancing the ball and new formations for defense. Thanks to this systematic observation, no thoughts were forgotten and no inspiration escaped him. He was not particularly inventive. He could depend on no sudden inspiration. But if he was not boldly original, he was at least methodically sure. He amassed more information than any other player or coach, and he studied his notes from one end of the year to the other, wringing from them the sound ideas which made him eminent as football player, coach and legislator.

"I try," he said, "to keep one jump ahead." There is an interesting proof of his ability to keep a little ahead of an opponent in the story of a Yale-Princeton baseball game played in 1880 at New York. Camp was a good batter, with a sure eye and a well-controlled swing. But he was not famous as a maker of long hits. It surprised everyone when he made a home run off the first ball pitched to him.



The captain of the Varsity Football Team in 1879: Walter Camp, leaning against the famous Yale fence, where captains of Yale major sports are photographed to this day

Coming to bat again, Camp rightly decided that the Princeton pitcher would not expect him to strike hard at the first ball. Lightning is supposed not to strike twice in the same place. But Camp did swing hard at the first ball, and made a second home run.

Later in the game, he faced the pitcher for the third time. There was an interesting, if silent, battle of wits between the two men. Camp rightly thought that the pitcher would like to waste the first ball, by pitching it so far from the plate that Camp could not touch it. But that would show fear of the batter. It might unsettle the other Princeton men. It was reasonable to suppose that the pitcher would make a desperate effort to pitch a strike, over the plate. The pitcher's mind worked exactly as Camp thought it would. The first ball came over the plate. Camp swung at it with confidence, and knocked out a third home run.

This record is probably unique in baseball records: three pitched balls, three home runs. Camp had outguessed the pitcher and had maintained himself one jump ahead. He had made his natural skill doubly strong by supporting it with his unsleeping mind.

Baseball has changed much less than football. Mann of Princeton and Avery of Yale were pitching curve balls as early as 1875. Catcher's mitts were used a year or two later, and F. W. Thayer of Harvard invented the catcher's mask in 1877. Baseball uniforms were similar to those worn now, and the general strategy of the game was the same. Football has changed much more. Only the halfbacks and fullback retain the same name, and their duties are very different. The field is shorter and narrower, and is marked out with lines that are responsible for the name, "gridiron." Camp never heard that name in his college days,

though he was to invent the type of game that made it necessary. These changes in football will be discussed in their proper order. Meanwhile, remember that baseball has changed very little in spirit, and football has changed much. The direction of baseball is in professional hands. It was certain, even in Camp's college days, that the public would support professional baseball. It is not certain, even now, that professional football will win such support. Football is still basically an amateur game, played in a sportsmanlike spirit. If there seems to you to be more chivalry in football than in baseball, you may correctly ascribe it to the influence of Walter Camp.

Take, for instance, the one detail of squabbling with the officials. It is very much alive in professional baseball; it may come to life in professional football, but it is no part of amateur football. A story of Camp's own early career will help to give the reason.

In the season of 1885, Walter Camp was chosen by Princeton to be the referee in the Yale-Princeton game. It was an extraordinary honor for Camp, a Yale graduate, an intense Yale sympathizer, and the chief adviser of the Yale football team. But the hope of Princeton for a victory was safe in his hands. Princeton's team was a powerful one, and its most powerful player was H. C. ("Tilly") Lamar.

During the season, Lamar made consistent long runs against Princeton's opponents. F. T. Hill, visiting Princeton at the request of the Yale coach, reported that these runs always took place from a certain formation, and that, in a manner of speaking, they could be stopped before they started. This information was well used in Yale's preparation for the game. Lamar was stopped. And before the game was very old H. Beecher, the Yale quarterback, caught a punt, close to the side of the field. He set off at full speed toward Princeton's goal, slipped like an eel through the fingers of the whole opposing team, and apparently scored a touchdown. But Camp called him back. He ruled that Beecher had stepped out of bounds at the start of his magnificent run.

Later, by extraordinary irony, Camp had to make a similarly close decision. All through the game, the great Lamar had been held to a standstill. It had been a dismal afternoon for him. And, with the last moments of the game slipping away, Yale had the ball, and the chance of a Princeton victory seemed impossible. But then Yale punted down the field—and not to Lamar. The Princeton quarterback got under it, for the catch. The ball struck him on the chest, rebounded, and flew across the field into Lamar's hands. He seized it and was off down the side line like a flash. One of the greatest football runners who ever lived, he had his chance now. The Yale forwards streamed toward him, too late. W. T. Bull of the Yale backfield and Watkinson raced toward the sideline, hoping to tackle Lamar or to force him out of bounds. With the white side line perilously close to his feet as he sped forward, Lamar dashed past Walter Camp, the referee.

"In that instant," said Walter Camp whimsically to Hill, "I exercised the hardest bit of self-control in my life. Lamar thundered by within a yard of me. If I had stuck out my foot—"

He did not stick out his foot. He turned, and ran with Lamar toward the Yale goal. A few yards further along, Lamar had to twist and turn to dodge Watkinson and Bull. Then he was over the line, and touching down the ball, after a desperate race nearly the whole length of the field, and only a pace or two ahead of F. G. Peters, captain of Yale.

Instantly a protest was made. It was claimed that Lamar, like Beecher in the earlier play, had stepped out of bounds. Camp ruled that he had not. It was a touch-

down. A less honest, less scrupulous man would have remembered that he had deprived Yale of one touchdown and would now seek to balance it by depriving Princeton of another. But Camp stood fast. Reaching his judgment with absolute honesty, he was nevertheless so full of desire to see Yale win the game that he had recognized his urge to trip or tackle Lamar. The urge was human enough. But in all matters of honesty and of sportsmanship, Camp was more than merely human. He allowed Lamar's long run to stand; and the touchdown which came as a result of it won the game for Princeton.

It was no wonder that, in the following year, Harvard's captain, W. A. Brooks, asked Camp to referee the Yale-Harvard game. Sportsmanship appeals to sportsmen, and Harvard knew there would be absolute fairness at the hands of Walter Camp.

Camp was not, however, in favor of allowing any college graduate to act as an official in a game in which his own college was concerned. This practice has long ago disappeared. But it is fair to say that, while it endured, Camp did more than any man to prove that a true sportsman is always fair and square. Baseball umpires are often called "robbers." Football officials never are.

You can draw your own opinion of the value to Yale of having a sportsman of Camp's quality on Yale Field during football practice. He was both a teacher and an example of fair play. Many a coach has taught young football players to slug and to hold, to resort to any kind of dirty trick when there was little chance of detection. Camp's teaching and influence were all on the side of fair and square sportsmanship.

A Perfect Partnership

Although he made his debut as a football legislator in his second year at college, it is of Camp as a football coach that one should speak first. It is the queerest part of his whole career, measured by ordinary standards. There are no other coaches like Camp. His work was done, nearly all of it, in the small parlor of his house on Gill Street. He was in active business, and had but little time for coaching on the field. So he taught football at his own fireside. He was working hard to support his family. His free hours were not in the early afternoons, when football practice is on. He could not go regularly to Yale Field. He needed another pair of eyes, as sharp as his own; another keen, retentive memory upon which the events of each day's practice could be stamped photographically for him to consider in the evenings; and another real set of football brains, against which his own intelligence might rub.

He found all these qualities in his wife. I am aware, as I write, that it is almost impossible for anyone who did not know Mr. and Mrs. Camp to believe these words; but you will confirm the truth by talking with men who went to the modest house on Gill Street, and heard Mrs. Camp report the day's doings at Yale Field to her husband and discuss them with him so clearly that he could understand and use them. There are in any profession few such partnerships between husband and wife. As a young girl, moreover, Mrs. Camp had not been interested in athletics. She was born into a keenly intellectual family. William Graham Sumner, who became one of the greatest professors ever associated with Yale or any other university, was her brother. It was possible for Professor Sumner, in his lectures on sociology, to carry his undergraduates far out of the ordinary world of the classroom, and give them a sudden, breath-taking vision of the brotherhood and the future of mankind. Alice Graham Sumner may not have dreamed, in girlhood, that her own intellectual interests were not to be literary or humanitarian. She was a potential novelist or sociologist. Marrying Walter Camp, she made his interests her interests. Intellectually his equal, she became his collaborator in his own work.

The Camp family approached that ideal relationship where husband and wife are one. Without Mrs. Camp's help, Walter Camp would have had no career as football coach and rule-maker.

Through the devoted coöperation of Mrs. Camp, he was able to become a successful business man and a football authority too. His first interest was the support of his family. Thanks to his wife, he could go to his office every afternoon and still know exactly what was happening on Yale Field.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



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FACT AND COMMENT

REPUTATION is not only a good thing in itself; it also permits a man to have confidence in himself, and to speak out boldly, whenever he has anything he desires to say.

MAN IS FAR from being a truly intellectual or a moral being when 130,000 of him are willing to pay twenty dollars or more apiece to see two big fellows try to knock each other insensible, and when millions more regard the match as the chief news event of the day.

THE DICTIONARY-MAKERS have a hopeless task in trying to keep up with the English language, which grows, nowadays, with the speed of Jack's beanstalk. It is said that radio alone has added three thousand new words to it. By the time the lexicographers have got them all defined and set into type some other scientific novelty will have added a thousand or two more.

SOMEHOW THE SCIENTISTS seem determined to leave nothing as it was ordained by nature, and to make over life after their own ideas of fitness. Now one of them predicts the discovery of a way of doing away with sleep, through the means of a chemical reaction, that will eliminate the toxic products of fatigue. Eight hours for work and sixteen for leisure and recreation is his vision. Poor old nature! How much more man knows—or thinks he knows—than she does!

WHY EUROPE DISLIKES AMERICA

WE return for a moment to an unpleasant subject—the general suspicion and dislike of the United States that exists in many European countries. Most Americans are a good deal puzzled and annoyed by the strength of that feeling. They are not conscious of any disposition on their part toward Europe generally, or any country in it, which justifies such an amount of distrust and hostility. From ignorance of what is actually going on in the minds of Europeans, they fall back on the explanation that Europe does not like us because we have not agreed to remit everything that the nations across the Atlantic borrowed of us.

That is part of the trouble perhaps, but it is very far from being all of it. Simply as creditors we have not been hard-hearted. We have never pressed any debtor for so much as a cent, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that we ever shall do so. The agreements which we have made with the representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy remit from twenty to eighty per cent of the debts those nations owe us. Moreover, those who know best why those agreements were negotiated do not believe that even those amounts will ever be paid in full; and no one on this side of the ocean has any idea of trying to force the payments if circumstances bring them to a premature end.

But M. Clemenceau's open letter to President Coolidge lets us a little into the minds of the European peoples. They realize that they owe us a great deal of money; that, if they paid us even a part of it, most of what they paid would for economic reasons remain in Europe in the form of American ownership of European industrial property; and that besides that they will probably have to

borrow billions of American capital to restore their own store depleted by the war. They foresee a Europe financially and economically dependent on the United States, they dread the exercise of that kind of power by this country and fear the loss of their industrial and almost of their political independence. In their alarm they see themselves, not the debtors simply, but the "serfs" of the United States.

We misunderstand them because we do not realize the extent of their fears. They misunderstand us because they suspect us of meaning to use our financial power in ways which would seem absurd to almost any American. Some one has told M. Clemenceau that the United States may decide to offer complete remission of the war debt in return for the cession of French possessions in this hemisphere. That is why he is so violent on the subject of the threatened "integrity" of France. Some one else has made an equally absurd suggestion that the United States might remit Great Britain's war debt in return for Canada! We laugh at the idea; we know well enough that Canada is to all intents and purposes an independent nation, and we cannot imagine any union with Canada except with her consent and good will. But most Europeans do not know us well enough to understand the absurdity of these suspicions. They need more room themselves so desperately that they don't understand the mind of a people that has land enough.

It is this fear of an America assuming a kind of overlordship over Europe, and using it to control its wealth, dictate its policies and even to reform its habits which makes Europeans dislike us. We must hope that the process of time will dispel these fears and restore mutual good feeling. In the meantime it behooves Americans to do and say nothing that can seem to justify these suspicions. Men who talk of not remitting any of the war debts unless Europe agrees to disband its armies and navies, or unless it suppresses drinking among its citizens, speak only for themselves or for small minorities of our people; but, excellent as their moral purpose may be, they do more injury to the world than they realize. Europe must be left to deal with its own problems in its own way. Americans who suggest, seriously or humorously, any kind of dictation from this side of the water only prolong a suspicion of our motives that might easily grow into hatred and even flame into war.

A ROYAL VISITOR

WHEN Queen Marie of Roumania lands upon our shores—as it now appears certain she will do about the time this number of *The Companion* reaches its readers—the United States will have the honor of entertaining one of the most clever and interesting women in Europe. Indeed, it is probable that there is no crowned head, either king or queen, on that continent who is her superior in ability, as there is surely none of so vibrant and brilliant a personality.

We have become fairly used to the visits of young men and even young women who are destined for the throne. Within a little more than two years the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have been our guests, and the famous visit of the prince who afterward became Edward VII is still remembered and talked of, though it occurred more than sixty years ago. But real monarchs have not often crossed the sea to look American democracy in the face. Indeed, the only instance we recall is the visit of old Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, in 1876. Queen Marie, we believe, is the first reigning European king or queen who has come to see us.

It is understood, moreover, that she will come as queen, and not "incognito"—that ingenious device by which royalty avoids the inconvenience of carrying its importance about with it. The Prince of Wales, it will be remembered, called himself Baron Renfrew when he was last with us. For the time being he was not the heir apparent, but a simple English nobleman and he was accordingly permitted to mingle freely with our people and to accept private hospitality, which as a royal person he could not have shared. Queen Marie, if she travels as a queen, will see less of the private homes of our ambitious rich, but she will have all the more time to see the country itself, which is what she really wants to see. It is said that she has expressed a desire to visit each of our forty-eight states as well as the chief cities of Canada. It is probable that she will

find so extended a trip more exhausting than she realizes, and that she will end by omitting some, at least, of our states from her itinerary, but she will certainly see the best we have to offer in scenery, social life and industrial progress, and we are sure that she will be received by the nation with the respect and cordiality that so distinguished a lady and so warm an admirer of the United States deserves.

Queen Marie is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, who later became the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. As the wife of King Ferdinand of Roumania she has always borne a considerable part in the determination of the policy of her country. She is given the credit for influencing King Ferdinand, himself a Hohenzollern, to ally himself with France and Great Britain instead of Germany during the war, and she has arranged the marriages of her children with a good deal of skill so as to extend the influence of her family widely through the Balkan states. A woman of active mind, great decision of character, much personal beauty and even greater charm, she is one of the few remaining royalties who preserve the old regal tradition in Europe, while at the same time she has shown herself sufficiently enterprising and progressive to adapt herself to the changed and changing conditions of modern social and political life.

DUTY

HOW strange a thing is duty! They tell us that "self-preservation is the first law of life," yet hardly a day passes that does not record some act of heroism or self-sacrifice in which men deliberately ignore that first law, and smilingly lay their lives on the altar of Duty.

Vice Admiral C. B. Miller, of the British Navy, died recently in England. His death recalled an incident of the World War that had not previously been published. In August, 1916, Admiral, then Captain, Miller, was in command of the light cruiser *Nottingham*, when the vessel was torpedoed. A very brief examination showed that she must sink in a few minutes. At once all the officers stood aside, and the boats and life rafts were filled with men who could not swim, or were poor swimmers. The officers then paraded on the quarter-deck, and in the order of seniority, from the youngest midshipman to the commander, saluted the captain, shook his hand and slipped over the rail in their life belts. The captain stood alone on the settling deck. When at last it was almost submerged, he gave a final look, saluted and in full uniform leaped into the sea. He remained floating for several hours, swimming about, his cap still on his head, encouraging his men, and was one of the last to be rescued.

One night a year or so ago the United States submarine S-51 went down off Block Island, with all but three of her crew on board. The efforts to raise her occupied months and brought out acts of heroism the story of which, as told by Lieutenant Commander Ellsberg, who had charge of the work, is as thrilling a tale of the sea as was ever written. When at last the divers penetrated the sunken hull and worked their way through the maze of pipes and machinery, they found every officer and every man of the crew at his post of duty. The wireless operator sat at his instrument, the ear-phones still on his head. Engine room, battery room, control room all told the same story. Dead hands still rested on valves that it was their duty to close or on levers that it was their office to move.

When, by the bolt of lightning that insurance companies and the United States government call "an act of God" the arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, was wrecked, Captain Dowling, the commanding officer, was blown out of his car by the explosion and dazed and blinded, was groping for some familiar object when Casimer Kensick, a private of marines, found him. Captain Dowling testified that, although Kensick might have fled he had remained in the rain of shells to help his commanding officer; and Kensick himself testified that, when he had asked if they hadn't better get out, Captain Dowling replied, "No; if we did we should be shirking our duty."

An act of God? Who knows! Perhaps it was—not in the old sense of punishment for our sins, but in order to show what the creature that He made in his own image is capable of. The dead hands of the crew of the S-51 will inspire other men to close valves and move levers in vessels yet unbuilt.

THIS BU WORLD

ARE THESE VIKING RUINS?

ADDITIONAL evidence to prove that the continent of North America was discovered and even settled by the Norsemen long before the days of Christopher Columbus is brought back from Labrador by the MacMillan expedition, which has just returned. The ruins on Sculpin Island off the Labrador coast near Nain were carefully explored. They consist of stone foundations for dwellings like those the early Vikings built in Greenland. Their age cannot be exactly determined, but they are of great antiquity, and Commander MacMillan thinks it impossible that they are less than five hundred years old, and probable that they are much older.

THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE

ARATHER hopeful attempt on the part of the British ministry to bring coal miners, mine-owners and government representatives together to negotiate a settlement of the protracted strike in the industry failed when the mine-owners declined to come in. Their position is that they do not want a national agreement, but a series of district agreements based on the particular conditions in each district—which differ widely. To that kind of settlement the miners are still firmly opposed. The only chance of an early end to the strike seems to lie in the likelihood of a surrender by the miners, who have been five months without work.

HOW MUCH OIL IS THERE?

WE are continually hearing conflicting statements about the amount of petroleum that still remains hidden in the bowels of the earth. Some authorities believe the supply is limited and approaches exhaustion, at least in the United States. Others think there is plenty and laugh at the idea of the wells going dry. The report of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, which President Coolidge appointed, leans to the first view. The report declares that the probable oil reserves in territory now producing, hardly amounts to more than six years' supply, and that unless new fields are continually discovered (which can only be said to be possible, and not certain) the American oil fields cannot much longer produce anything like the amount of petroleum we use. The board advises American producers to explore and acquire oil fields in other countries and recommends more economical use of oil through saving much that is now wasted at the wells, more careful and thorough methods of extraction and improved mechanical devices for consuming it as fuel. The United States now produces—and uses—seventy per cent of all the oil burned in the world.

FARM PRICES AND OTHERS

THE Department of Agriculture reports that farm prices as a whole are lower than last year and stand at about 132 per cent of pre-war prices. Manufactured goods, fuel, etc., are generally understood to stand at about 167 per cent of the 1913 figures. Fruits and vegetables bring the highest prices, relatively to pre-war prices, of all farm products, and meat animals come next. Grain and cotton are considerably below last year's figures, and dairy products are a little lower. The purchasing power of farm produce is put at about 84 on a scale of 100, compared with the same power in 1913.

THE LEAGUE MEETS AT GENEVA

ON September 6 the seventh assembly of the League of Nations was called to order. The most important matters to be settled were the admission of Germany to the League, the redistribution of seats in the Council and the consideration of the reservations attached by the United States Senate to its application for the admission of this country to a place in the Court of International Justice. No time was lost in voting Germany into the League and assigning to that nation a permanent seat in the Council. The ambition of Spain for a permanent seat was not satisfied, and it was announced from Madrid that Spain, in protest, would withdraw from the League. The Assembly voted to increase the number of elective seats in the Council to nine, and

when our record closed it was still divided over the distribution of the new seats. Turkey has appeared as a candidate for admission to the League, and it will doubtless become a member, though not until next year.

UNEASY SPAIN

ON the very eve of the plebiscite which the dictator-premier of Spain, Gen. Primo de Rivera, had agreed to, in order to determine whether the Spanish people approved of his regime or wanted a National Assembly called to agree on some other form of government a mutiny of some seriousness broke out among the artillery arm of the national army. It was apparently aimed at General de Rivera, who has made some new regulations for the army, which the officers do not like. Martial law was declared, and for a time it looked as if the question of the dictator's term of power might be settled in advance of the plebiscite, but later advices reported that the mutiny had not gained support from the rest of the army, and was suppressed without much difficulty. It is believed, however, that Primo de Rivera is on the verge of a fall, the opposition to him is so general and so strong. What will happen next it is difficult to predict.

WISCONSIN'S LIVELY PRIMARY

THE Republican primary in Wisconsin was a wide-open affair. The LaFollette wing of the party divided on the question of suitable candidates for Governor and United States Senator, and the "conservative" wing had its candidates also. Senator Lenroot, supported by the conservatives, was beaten for renomination in a close contest by Governor J. J. Blaine, the LaFollette candidate. The gubernatorial nomination was won by Mr. Fred Zimmermann, a follower of the late Senator LaFollette who opposed the candidate openly supported by Governor Blaine and the LaFollette sons. In New Hampshire Senator Moses obtained a renomination.

MISCELLANY



County Fair

What splendid sights the Fair can show this year—
The massive bulls, and Berkshires sleek and black,
The jams, the pies, and light in racing gear
The glossy trotters speed round the track.
Arthur Guiterman

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED

IF there is anything in this universe that stands unrelated to many other things, we do not know what it is. Philosophers have discussed the possibility of "things-in-themselves," but we are not sure that there are any such things. When we say of an act of conduct, "This is not bad in itself," and therefore justify the doing of it, we still have to prove, if we can prove, that the thing done or proposed is or can be done in itself. When Jesus said, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," He was talking specifically about the divorce of married people. But the principle which He enunciated goes much farther than that. God has established relationships that cannot be broken without violence to all His laws.

God has joined together cause and effect. There is no effect without a cause, and equally there is no cause without an effect. Every effect becomes a cause. We call the efficient First Cause, God, but his causation is more than initial; it is continuous. If there is any way in which the chain of cause and effect can be broken, we do not know it. These God hath joined. If fire should boil water one day and freeze it the next, we should be living in an irrational world, a world without continuity or consciousness or conscience. The bed rock of our confidence

in the reasonableness of creation is that what God hath joined includes the relationship of cause and effect.

Light and shade are joined. Not much is needed to be added to perpetual sunshine to create a desert, and the man who explores it to be sure that there is only light there himself casts a shadow.

The seed and the harvest are joined. The shore and the ocean are joined. Attraction and repulsion, acid and alkali, are what they are because of what they are related to.

There is no agreement as to the derivation of the word "religion." Of its three possible roots, one is a verb that would justify some such definition as "the science of relationships." It is that which is not content with things in themselves, for it knows of no such things, and concerns itself with things in their human values. Good and evil, joy and sorrow, have their value in the relationship of humanity to God and of human lives to other lives. These God hath joined. Let no one attempt to sever them.

A PROVIDENTIAL PILLOW FIGHT

IN Portland, Me., there is a family of lively children whose mother is obliged to be away from home now and then. On such occasions she leaves the children in the care of a well-meaning but rather easy-going maid.

One morning last spring the next-door neighbors noticed a stream of something white pouring from a chamber window of the house where the children live. A closer look showed that the stream was made up of feathers. The children had evidently been having a pillow fight, and one of the weapons had burst. A strong draft through two open windows kept the stream flowing until the neighbor's back lawn was as white as if covered with snow.

"O dear! Those children! What shall we do? Those feathers will clog the lawn mower so that it won't run; and if we try to sweep them out, they will only fly somewhere else in the yard." So the neighbor's wife lamented to her husband.

Then down to the whitened lawn dropped an English sparrow. For a moment he looked about him in amazement. Then he set up a tremendous outcry. Anyone who understands bird language could translate what he said: "Here fellers, here, quick! The biggest lot of feathers that anybody ever saw! Come on! Come on, before the wind takes them!"

He proceeded to act on his own advice, and when he flew away he looked like a negro roustabout carrying a bale of cotton. Not only was his mouth full of feathers, but his claws held fistfuls, and his line of flight was the path of an animated snowball.

The tribe had heard his cry. In a little while the yard was brown with sparrows, each frantically garnering his or her share of the providential harvest. They kept it up until the mowed area was as clean as a picked chicken. But behind the lawn was a stretch of long grass in which many of the feathers had settled. That was a different proposition. Cats have been known to hide in such places, to pounce upon unwary sparrows. It takes courage to enter a tiger-infested jungle on foot. So the sparrows hesitated and talked it over.

At length one of them, after remarks which were plainly intended to say, "I'm going to try it, anyway," went in. The others watched and waited and discussed his folly. But pretty soon he came out with his mouth so full of feathers that he couldn't talk, and flew away.

It was enough. With such remarks as, "If Johnny can do it, we can," and, "I guess there are no cats there," the whole flock disappeared in the tall timber and came out laden. Before night there was not a feather to be found. The only reminder of what had happened was a limp and flabby pillow tick hanging on the clothesline next door.

And this is not fiction, but a true story.

A COSTLY METHOD

THE philanthropic iron-master Andrew Carnegie used to tell the following story, with a great deal of glee, to illustrate whatever at the moment he thought it would illustrate:

"A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hat after silk hat.

"Hold on, boss! What fo' yo' smashin' all dem high hats?" demanded the attendant. "I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an opera hat—collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it."



Trains Unruly Hair — to Stay Neatly Combed

IF your hair is difficult to keep in place, or lacks natural gloss and lustre, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed boys.

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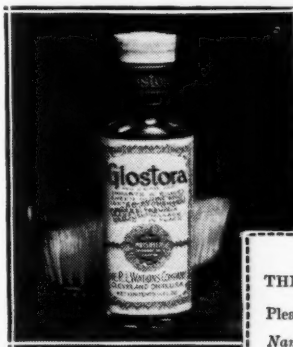
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MISCELLANY

PAIN IN THE CHEST—II.

IN a former article we discussed the pains of muscular or nerve origin in the wall of the chest. That seated in the pleura, or membrane covering the lungs, is often very sharp and like a knife cut. It is associated with inflammation of the pleura or of the lung and is increased by deep breathing. When inflammation is present there is fever, which is absent in the case of the familiar "stitch in the side." This latter may be muscular, but is more commonly due to a dry spot in the pleura and disappears after a few deep breaths.

In pneumonia there is more or less dull pain on one or the other side, which becomes sharp and agonizing on deep inspiration or coughing. In pneumonia there is fever, breathing is rapid and shallow, the face is flushed, and the sufferer is evidently quite ill. The pain of bronchitis is not sharp, but there is a feeling as though the bronchial tubes were scraped and raw, and also a general tightness of the chest, often with a desire to take a deep breath and a fear to do so lest it cause a sharper pain or coughing. In herpeszoster of the chest the pain is very sharp, running horizontally on one side. It is accompanied by an eruption of "cold sores" covering the painful half-girdle.

In so-called cardialgia—which like its English equivalent, heartburn, means pain originating in the stomach, and has nothing to do with the heart—the distress may shoot from the stomach up into the chest. Four or five drops of turpentine or a level teaspoonful of cooking soda will usually relieve the pain and thus prove its source.

The most serious of heart pains is angina pectoris. This is terribly sharp, starting from the breast bone and running to the left shoulder and down the arm, sometimes darting to the back of the head and into the spine. The pain of false angina is less sharp. It occurs often at night, awakening one from sleep, and there is a feeling of distention of the heart, instead of the squeezing sensation of true angina.

Inordinate smokers, with "tobacco heart," have attacks of pain resembling those of true or false angina pectoris, accompanied by an irregular pulse. Most heart pains, or pains in the region of the heart, except true angina, are really not a cause for great alarm.

WHERE WOMEN TELL THE TRUTH

IN Abyssinia, so Rosita Forbes, the distinguished English traveler, has recently related in Collier's, by age-old tradition, relic perhaps of the days when Ethiopia was a matriarchate, knowing no law but the mothers', a woman's word is assumed to be inviolate.

The whole fabric of Abyssinian custom rests on the truth of its wives and mothers. A woman may steal and, if successful, be regarded with approval for her thrift. She may murder and get away with it, for her relations are responsible for the payment of the blood debt. But she must not lie.

Generally, matron and maid are conscious of their high responsibility. They know that their mere statement can send a man to slow strangulation on the nearest tree or to the prison, which is never full long, since the prisoners are not fed. And their tongues are weighted not only by responsibility but by caution. A misstatement in the witness box, a trifling fib to avoid censure or ridicule, and, if caught tripping, punishment is swift and certain. Instantly the judge will summon the executioner.

Abyssinia is a land of stern and cruel penalties. But among them all that for the lying woman is unique—and it is effective. The executioner, whose function is usually combined with that of the local butcher, arrives at a run; but not to cut off the liar's head. Not at all. He is armed with clippers, followed by all the small boys and giggling girls in town, and he inflicts upon the humiliated culprit a public hair-cut, or, rather, a close shave. Victim and executioner exchange voluble abuse while it is in progress, until at last the lying lady is set free, as bald as an eagle!

She will not get a husband in a hurry; and for months she will be an object of mirth and

derision in her social world. Women rarely lie in Abyssinia.

THINGS AND PLACES

COMMON nouns with which we are familiar by no means uncommonly trace their origin to proper names of men and places. A recent bulletin of the National Geographic Society awards the palm to Venice, as the place which has probably given its name to more things than any other. There is tribute to its craftsmen in the terms venetian glass, venetian sauce, venetian red, venetian ball, venetian blind, venetian carpet, venetian chalk, venetian (a textile), venetian dentil, venetian door, venetian embroidery, venetian flat point, venetian mallow, venetian pearl, venetian raised point, venetian soap, venetian sumac, venetian swell for organs, venetian white, venetian window and a venetian, meaning a domino for masquerades.

Textiles, especially, are apt to appropriate as trade marks the names of the towns where they are made. Damask takes its name from Damascus, for, though it was first made in China, Damascus was the easternmost city known in early times to Europe as its source. Cambric takes its name from Cambrai; Tulle gave its name to the airy fabric we all know; the more general term gauze is derived from Gaza in Palestine. Gingham, though it may possibly derive from the Malay term *ging gang*, meaning striped, is claimed as its name-child by the French town of Guingamp in Brittany. Muslin is still woven in the cool, damp cellars of Mosul from long-staple silky Mesopotamian cotton.

Fustian is a heritage of Rome in Egypt; the "fossatum," or ditch, protecting an imperial legion on the Nile, became the nucleus of Cairo, and in the "Fustat," or old Cairo quarter, Arabian weavers created fustian.

Often the original connection of place and product has long ceased; sometimes it is almost forgotten.

Worstead barely manages to squeeze on the maps of Norfolk County, England, today, so little connection has it with the production of thousands of yards of worsted. The Channel island of Jersey is well advertised by its cows, but who connects it with the jersey cloth that it originally made for stockings? Axminster in Devon admits it has made no rugs for more than one hundred years. And finally there is Brussels carpet—it is almost painful to explode the myth, but Brussels makes no Brussels carpets. They were made in Wilton, England, another rug "trade mark," and took the title Brussels carpet because the designs imitated the famous Brussels tapestries.

Few cities or countries, abundantly as they have contributed nouns and adjectives to our language, have given us verbs; yet some there are whose geographical ancestry is unquestioned.

A winding river some sixty miles south of Smyrna, on modern maps the Mendere, was once the Meander and has given us the leisurely and pleasant verb to meander. Aldus Manutius invented a new font of type, imitating script, for an edition of Vergil which he had dedicated to the states of Italy; we use that font today when we *italicize*. And it is a Chinese port which gives to nautical adventure the familiar and famous verb "to shanghai."

FOSSIL BUTTERFLIES

BUTTERFLIES are such light and airy creatures and have such delicate wings that many are surprised at learning that they have been found fossil in rock deposits. Fossil butterflies are indeed the greatest of rarities, for among the thousands of insects that have been unearthed from the rocks less than twenty specimens of butterflies are known. I have myself examined more than fifteen thousand insects from what was once a small lake at Florissant in Central Colorado and yet have seen from there only eight butterflies, nine others have been discovered in Europe, and all were found in what are called tertiary deposits; that is, rocks belonging to the most recent period of past geologic history—too long ago to reckon in years the time period that has since elapsed; so long ago at least as the time when great inland seas covered much of the central plateau region of our far western country, the sole important but vastly diminished representative of which is now seen in the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

(Miscellany continued on next page)



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The butterflies found in our Colorado rocks were buried at the bottom of the little lake at Florissant by a shower of ashes or a flow of mud from a neighboring volcano; for by such means the lake has been filled up little by little, so that now when we split open a bit of stone once forming its muddy floor, and separate one thin deposit of ashes from another, there appear all the lineaments of the butterfly which met its fate ages ago.

And it is remarkable how perfectly some of them are preserved. The color pattern of the wings can often be made out by the lighter and darker tints of the stone; the joints of the antennae may be counted, the structure of the legs determined, and even, in at least one case, the form and arrangement of the scales of the wings are discernible under the microscope. Of course both surfaces of the wings can never be seen at the same time, but in several instances whatever appears is perfect and unbroken. In one or two cases, only a single wing is preserved, but generally, the greater part of the body is found, with wings, legs, antennae and palpi attached, though with one part frequently overlying and more or less concealing another, and then somewhat confused.

Every one of these seventeen fossil butterflies differs from the others, two of a kind having nowhere been found; and no one of them agrees with any known living butterfly; all being extinct kinds. They are all well enough preserved to make it possible to say this with a great degree of certainty. With two exceptions they even belong to extinct genera, and these two are genera which have a wide distribution at present, occurring throughout the whole northern hemisphere.

Although they are so few in number, three of the four families of butterflies are represented among them, the only family not known among the fossils being that to which our blues, hair streaks and coppers belong, all of which are butterflies of very small size and active disposition. Indeed, the variety among the fossils is somewhat remarkable with the curious exception of those found in this county. Here, of the eight found, all but one belong to a single family and within this family to two narrow groups. One of these groups has five species, and none of them are far removed from our thistle butterfly, *Vanessa cardui*; the other has two species, and that is in itself an extraordinary fact, for among living forms this particular type (which is one of the most anomalous among butterflies, about the relationship of which naturalists have differed in a striking manner) is of the greatest rarity; of the ten thousand species of living butterflies not a dozen of this type exist at the present day. No other group of such structural importance is so limited in numbers, and it is curiously and widely scattered over the globe in both tropical and temperate regions—a sort of gypsy type. To put it tersely, not more than one tenth of one per cent of living butterflies belongs to this type, while about twelve per cent of the fossils are to be referred to it.

Should one enquire where now live the nearest allies of the fossil butterflies of any one place, the answer is that their homes are found far away, indicating great changes in the distribution of butterfly life since these extinct forms flew upon the earth. The nearest relations of about one half of the European fossil butterflies are to be sought in the East Indies; of one third of them in America and especially subtropical America; of the remainder at home. The nearest allies of the American fossils (with the exception of the two whose membership in the gypsy type renders specific reference impossible) are certainly American, but tropical or subtropical American, indicating a former climate of this nature in ancient Colorado.

There is one more fact to be learned from this little assemblage of fossil butterflies. As we pass from the lowest to the highest of living butterflies we find a remarkable reduction in the size of the fore legs and a gradual abortion of their appendages, so that the highest butterflies are reduced to walking on four legs while the lower, like the moths, are fully provided with six. The highest butterflies must, however, have once originated from those in which the legs were not aborted, and we naturally examine the fossils of this family to see whether in them we attain or reach nearer such a primordial condition. Fortunately, some of them are well enough preserved to answer this question, and we find precisely the same conditions that exist today; we are not appreciably nearer an earlier conditions of things. We must therefore conclude that, ancient as are these relics of past butterfly life, butterflies

must have existed long prior to the time from which our known relics date.

—SAMUEL H. SCUDDER

THREE PLEASANT STORIES

IN an entertaining book of reminiscences Sir Squire Bancroft, the London theatre-manager, tells a quantity of good anecdotes about famous people he has known.

One, which we think has been printed before, is that which Browning, the poet, told him of Longfellow.

The two poets were once driving through the London streets in a hansom cab, when a heavy shower suddenly came on. Longfellow insisted upon thrusting the umbrella through the trap in the roof of the cab, so that the driver might protect himself from the rain—which he did. That is precisely what you might expect Longfellow to do—a kind-hearted generous gentleman if ever one lived.

Another concerns George du Maurier, the famous illustrator and author of *Tribby*. He was always annoyed when anyone called him *de* Maurier instead of *du* Maurier. He said once: "Fellows will write to me as *de* Maurier; I wish they would give the devil his *du*."

The third story is about Archdeacon Wilberforce, who was one of the earliest foes of the evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin. The Archdeacon was visiting Sir John Hare at his seaside home at Overstrand, and Hare, who was very fond of dogs and was hardly ever to be seen without one by him, asked him this question:

"Do you really believe, Archdeacon, in a hereafter for our dogs?"

"Indeed I do," said Wilberforce.

"But do you mean that I shall really see my dog again?" Hare persisted.

"Undoubtedly—if you are good enough," was the response.

THE KING'S REPROACHFUL FORMULA

KING EDWARD VII, among his other merits as an administrator, had the merit of punctuality, and he lost no opportunity to impress the importance of that virtue on others. One of the classic stories told to illustrate that characteristic of the king's is repeated in the Argonaut.

A dinner guest of the king's was late and, entering in a rush, presented himself before his host, obviously nervous about Edward's attitude. In the tone of a schoolmaster Edward said, "So-and-So, you are late."

"Yes, sir, but—"

The king repeated his reproachful formula: "So-and-So, you are late."

"I'm extremely sorry, sir, but—"

"So-and-So, you're late."

That was all; no excuse was adequate.

HOW HE KNEW

"H'E's been sittin' there all day, doin' nothin' but wasting time."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause I've been sittin' here watchin' him."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures, and there is so little trustworthy information about them, that it may be hard for your family to tell which are really worth seeing. The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which *The Youth's Companion* recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

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Zane Grey's story of the Nevada gold rush and the coming of the law. Jack Holt and Raymond Hutton.

The Show-Off—Paramount

Laughable comedy of a family which acquires an incurably boastful son-in-law. Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson.

One Minute to Play—F. B. O.

A lively football story. The hero, "Red" Grange of Illinois, is the victim of conflicting loyalties.

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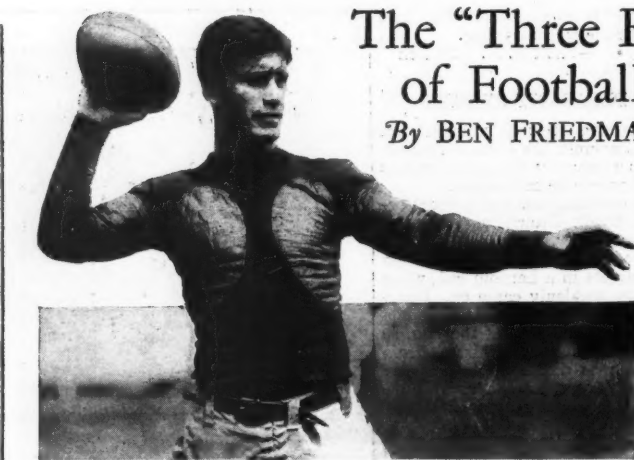
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After Every Meal



The "Three R's" of Football

By BEN FRIEDMAN

Ben Friedman's forward passing helped Michigan to roll up the remarkable score of 227 points to its opponents' 3 in 1925

NO MAN can tell you all about football. It would require thousands and thousands of words to give you detailed instructions on position play. What I intend to do in this article is to give you a general idea.

In the first place, it is not difficult to play football. A famous coach once told me that any boy with the courage of the average boy could learn to play football. It does not demand unusual qualities in a boy. Veteran coaches will tell you that some of the best players that ever stepped on a gridiron were boys that no one would pick as candidates for a football team. They simply did not look the part. Probably the best illustration of this was presented by the late Frank Hinkey, who played for Yale and who was the greatest end of all time. Hinkey played in the days when men had to weigh two hundred pounds or more to make the varsity team. These were the days of mass play, where weight and physical strength counted above everything else. Little Hinkey never weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds but football has never seen his equal at end. Through the four years that he played for Yale his end was never turned, a record that no other end on a major varsity team ever boasted.

The main thing in football is study, concentration and willingness. If your mind is made up to become a football player, it is almost a certainty that you will become one, provided you are in good health and are ready to make the sacrifices that the game demands. These sacrifices come in the nature of proper food, proper sleep and work.

Getting down to actual play, the three fundamentals that you must master are charging, blocking and tackling. Some players have been able to charge well but fell down in blocking and tackling. Then, when they found themselves on the sidelines, they could not understand why the coach did not select them for the line-up. The reason is plain. Football is a game played by eleven men. Each man must do his share. If a man does not block or tackle, then some one must block and tackle for him, and you cannot do this very well in the modern game. Where teams are evenly matched it is man against man, and one man cannot well handle two men, one of whom should be handled by a teammate.

Let us take up these three fundamentals in order.

Charging

Go in with your body low, legs spread and underneath, body forward, arms up from elbow to shoulder. This is the position you assume when on offense. By assuming this position you make it difficult for a defense man to reach your body and put you out of the play. Your legs being spread, you are able to shift as your opponent shifts and you have a wider base, making it easier to keep your feet. If you try to charge by running with the stride of a runner, you will be easily knocked off your feet.

The defensive linemen, crouched on the other side of the scrimmage line, assume the same position. Their hands and arms are out ahead, one hand resting on the ground. When the offense puts the ball into play the

defense linemen charge just as the back on offense that I have described in the paragraph above, with this exception: While the offensive lineman or back uses the arms from elbow to shoulder, the defense players use their hands out in front.

The thing to remember in charging is to keep your feet when you are bumped and to keep the body as far away as possible from the reach of your opponent. Charging form is much like the crouch in boxing. The value of the crouch is that it prevents the other fellow from getting to your body.

Blocking

This means getting your body against that of your opponent in such a manner that he will be prevented from interfering with the play. There are several kinds of block, including the pivot, cross-body, open-field and roll.

The pivot block is used by an end pivoting out a tackle, or by a back working on an end or tackle, either on a running play or in blocking for a kicker. This is the most effective method of blocking an end or tackle out of the play.

In order to execute this block you must first get position on the man to be blocked. This means getting yourself close to the man at the proper angle, with feet spread, body low, elbows out and neck firmly set. Then get your shoulder and elbow in against the abdomen of your opponent, keeping your head on the side of the man, between him and the play. This prevents him from slipping off and getting the runner.

The main points to remember in all charging, blocking and tackling are: keep your feet spread, never get into a running stride, use your arms from the elbows up, and get position.

The cross-body block is what the name implies. It means throwing your body across that of an opponent and then using both arms and legs to dig in with and keep the tackler on the defensive.

Open-field blocking is the most common form of blocking and one easily learned. First of all, you must acquire position, which, in this case, is an angle. Then the blocker throws his body across that of the runner, turning his back slightly as he does. The actual work here is done by the hips and

the upper part of the leg. The hip bone crashes into the upper part of the runner's leg and brings him down. As the blocker throws his body across the runner he applies the safety clutch, which is in this case the trick of hooking your leg around the runner's. The leg used is called the upper leg. For instance, when you are blocking from the left the left side is under and the right on top; there-

fore the right leg is the upper leg, and vice versa. The reason for the safety clutch is that, if you miss the man with your hip, the leg hook will bring him down.

In all blocking where you bring the man to earth roll on his arms. The reason for this is evident: if he is lying down with you on top of his arms, he cannot use them to tackle the runner. Your object is to keep him from reaching the runner. The old-fashioned



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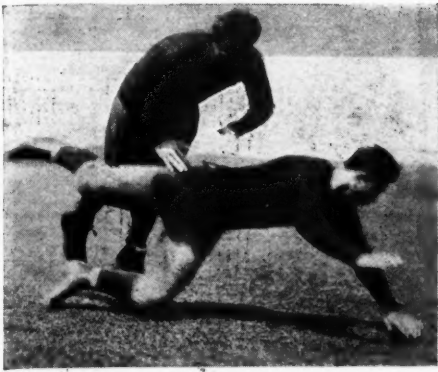
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Open field block: the blocker has missed the runner with his hips, but his right leg is coming up, and will look about the leg of the runner

roll block is not used very much any more, because it is too easy for the defense man to sidestep or jump over the blocker. The roll block is made by hitting the turf close to the defense man and rolling up against his legs. By continued rolling you bring him down.

Tackling

This angle of football is as much an art in itself as passing, punting or drop-kicking. There are two kinds of tackles used: straight ahead and angle. In both it is necessary to acquire position before the tackle can be properly made.

The straight-ahead tackle is used by the defensive center, guards, fullback or halfback when coming up fast to the line of scrimmage. This tackle starts when the defense man hits the runner in the thighs and ends when he drives him back in the direction that he came from. A good tackler at no time permits a runner to fall ahead; he always throws him back and makes him lose ground.

The angle tackle is used in the open. Always remember that ninety per cent of all the tackles missed are missed for the simple reason that the tackler does not lead his man out far enough. The angle tackle is made from an angle, like the open-field block. The tackler throws his head and shoulder across the legs of the runner, grabbing hold of both the runner's legs as he does so, then twisting the legs and bringing the runner down in a heap.

There you have the principles of tackling. You also have the principles of blocking and charging. You will have to practice until you can master these fundamentals. They can all be mastered by practice, but unless you are proficient in them you cannot expect to make a good football player. When you learn these principles you will find yourself able to execute plays and become an important cog in the defense. Coaches select players for both offense and defense. They are not looking for boys who are able only to score touchdowns, but they want to know what those boys can do to keep the other team from scoring touchdowns. It does not make much difference how many times you carry the ball across your opponents' goal line if your opponents are able to carry the ball more times across your goal line than you carry it across theirs.

Forward-passing is certain to remain football as an important part of the offense. There will be more and more good forward passers, for coaches realize the importance of the forward-passer in the game as it is played today.

Any boy, with careful practice, should be able to become a good forward-passer. It is fine to give distance to passes, but the boy who can pass accurately and not so far is much more valuable to a team than the boy who can shoot the ball a long, long way but inaccurately; that kind of passer is simply costing his team downs.

Two grips are used in passing, a loose and a tight grip. The loose grip is the thing for bad weather. When it is raining, or there is an abundance of moisture in the air, the ball is wet and slippery and hard to handle. To throw a wet ball, hold it loosely in the palm of your throwing hand. Spread the fingers as much as possible. Give the ball the maximum amount of "platform" space, where it can rest. The more you give it the

better will be your chance for obtaining accuracy and direction.

In the tight grip the entire hand is used, not the fingers alone, as some imagine. The finger tips should be over the laces of the ball, the thumb held down and past the first seam.

For a short pass, the ball should be gripped as near the center as possible. Grab it much as you would a baseball, around the middle. This will give you accuracy, and accuracy is what you want on short passes.

To make a long pass, shift the grip to get a long axis on the ball. This will give you distance. You will also get direction, but not absolute accuracy, as on the short pass.

When I speak of a short pass I mean any pass of less than forty yards. Longer passes are over that.

You will understand, of course, why it is more necessary to have accuracy on the short passes than on the long ones. On the short pass your receiver is surrounded almost always by defense men. If the ball does not reach the spot you intend for it, then it will likely be intercepted or knocked down. On a long pass the chances are that your receiver will be free. He will have room to move around in and a chance to get under the ball, although it does not happen to be traveling to the exact spot where he is running or waiting.

To practice forward passing, try for accuracy first of all. You can get this by getting another boy to act as your receiver. Place him ten yards away from the spot where you are standing. Then throw at him. Try to hit his forehead, his ear, his eye or his nose. You might try to emulate the well-known William Tell and attempt to knock an apple off his head. Throw the ball with the same movement that a catcher uses in throwing to second base. The catcher throws with a wrist and forearm movement. The forward pass is thrown with the same movement on short passes; the upper arm is not used. Try to hit your receiver's right



Tackling: the tackler's right shoulder is against runner's leg. Tackler's head on front side of runner. Tackler's body low, legs bent underneath for driver against runner. As tackler feels runner in his arms, he whips him to the ground

ear and then his left ear. You must train yourself as a pitcher does. Pitchers are schooled to cut the ball over the corners of the plate, inside and outside.

Always throw the ball at a point above the shoulders. The ideal forward pass is one thrown above and ahead of the runner, a ball so thrown that the runner can take it over his shoulder without changing his pace. So you must learn to throw high. The practice I have described will give you accuracy and control.

When you learn how to charge, block, tackle, throw forward passes and catch them, you are ready for the next step, position play. But you will not be able to play any position until you have learned to charge, block and tackle. Any coach will tell you that; yes, and anybody who has ever played varsity football. They are the reading, writing and arithmetic of football.

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The Y. C. Lab

THE FIRST Y. C. LAB FELLOWSHIP GOES TO ALBERT F. BIRD

And a Scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Famous Engineering School, goes to Fellow Bird as the First Annual Award of the Y. C. Lab

THE GOVERNORS' UNANIMOUS CHOICE

ON September 15, at a formal meeting of the Governors and Councilors of the Y. C. Lab, the Director presiding, Albert F. Bird, age 17, of Somerville, Massachusetts, was unanimously and on the first ballot voted the First Fellow of the Laboratory. This decision came only after the most exhaustive examination of material submitted by all other Members eligible, and after an oral examination of Member Bird, supplemented by interviews with his parents and school-teachers. The evidence thus gathered was presented by the Director to the Governors and Councilors, and served to prove conclusively to those bodies Member Bird's eminent fitness as the first Member of the Society to attain its highest rank and honor.

Following this action, the Governors and Councilors, in executive session, voted Fellow Bird the Annual Award of Highest Merit, which will consist of a four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to begin with the fall term of this year. The prize was conferred publicly one week later. Having passed his entrance examinations with excellent records, Albert F. Bird, F. Y. C. L., is now a freshman student in the Institute's famous department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.

The record of Albert F. Bird since his earliest connection with the Lab has been uniformly excellent, and his connection has lasted amply long for good acquaintance. It began in early January, 1926, when Bird, attracted by the pages of Lab Proceedings, called at the office of The Youth's Companion, bringing a snapshot of a project he had just completed. As a snapshot it was dim, but despite the dimness there was easily discernible evidence that the project—a model ship—was one of considerable interest.

The Stag Hound Model

BIRD reported that the vessel was the famous Stag Hound, which had flourished in the famous and now vanished era of the clipper ship. Even in the vague photograph there was apparent enough evidence of superior workmanship to catch the Director's attention. It developed that Bird had sold the model to Mr. Robert Chauncy Seaver, of Brookline, Mass., and permission was therefore asked of Mr. Seaver to rephotograph the model and to examine all its details with some care. Permission was granted, and the examination revealed a beautifully wrought replica of the Stag Hound, accurate and complete to the last detail, done on the generous scale of one sixth of an inch to the foot—the result a model thirty-two inches long from stem to stern. After five years' patient experiment in model making, Bird had built this model, obtaining most of his data by a personal visit to the Marine Room of the Old State House. The result was Bird's election as the seventh Member of the Y. C. Lab, at the first election, held on January 14, 1926. On February 25 he won the Weekly \$5.00 Award for the Stag Hound model, and contributed an article, "Notes on Building Clipper Ship Models," which was notable for its careful detail and its clear exposition of many facts within small compass. When the attention of Mr. George P. Putnam, New York publisher, was called to this article, he lost no time in ordering Member Bird to write a book of twenty thousand words on Ship Model Construction. The volume is now in preparation.

But a week before the announcement of this award for the Stag Hound there had occurred this significant inquiry in the Lab's Questions and Answers column: "Can

you supply lines and sail plan of the clipper Flying Cloud, from which I can make a scale model? Albert F. Bird, Somerville, Mass." To which Councilor Magoun replied: "I am mailing to you the lines, deck plan and sail plan, from which you should be able to build a model correct in all its major details. If questions arise in the process of construction, I shall be glad to try to answer them for you. . . . Do not fail to give me an opportunity to see your model when it is finished; and if you would be interested to learn something about the astonishing history of the Flying Cloud, I can very easily give you access to the proper books."

The invitation in Councilor Magoun's reply did not go unheeded. Member Bird paid more than one visit to the Councilor's offices in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Councilor had the opportunity of watching the new model take shape under the skillful hands of Member Bird. Many weeks of work finished the new task and resulted in the perfectly wrought model you see pictured on this page. Of Bird and his work, Councilor Magoun has placed himself on record as follows:

"The thing which impressed me first was the neatness of his workshop. Everything as shipshape as could be. Naturally enough, the work was like the workshop, and the workman is always like his work. I like the earnestness of the boy. I like his spirit of wanting to do what he could for the enterprise, not always calculating what the enterprise could do for him. I like the way he stuck to the job until it was done and done

properly. I like his appearance of being physically fit. Ability, reliability, energy, action—that's what makes the man."

The Director, Governors and Councilors of the Y. C. Lab consider that the Laboratory has honored itself as well as Member Bird by the appointment of its first Fellow.

What the Fellowship Means

TO Albert F. Bird, first Fellow of the Y. C. Lab, the accompanying Annual Award of a four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology may mean a complete successful life career made possible. The day of his application for membership in the Lab may, in later days, occur to him as one of the most significant in his life. But that is still too far in the future to say; let us leave that possibility in the background and concentrate on the more immediate results of the award—the results, say, of the next four years.

In the first place, Fellow Bird is now a student at the Institute, in the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, having passed his entrance examinations and matriculated in the freshman class on September 27. For the next four years he will be in residence at the Institute, studying, in every ramification, the very things which have been his most fascinating hobbies. His tuition of over \$300 per year will be paid by the Y. C. Lab.

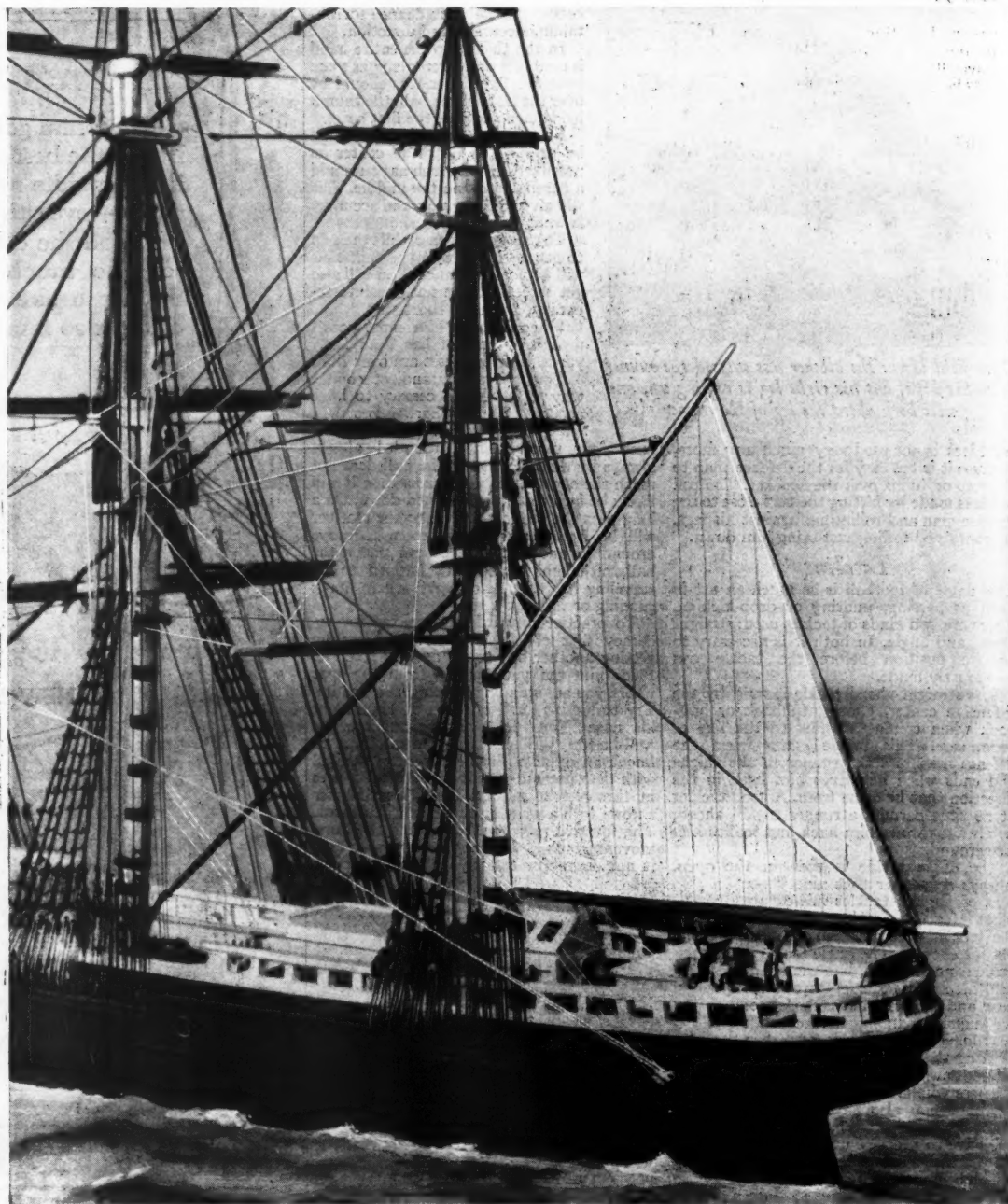
Fellow Bird will study at the Institute under teachers of the rank of Professors James W. Jack, George Owen, William Hovgaard and H. W. H. Keith—illustrious

Naval Architects or Marine Engineers, every one. He will have access to the great scientific laboratories of the Institute—the laboratories of Steam, Hydraulic and Compressed Air Machinery; of Testing Materials; of Gas Engine and Automotive Equipment; of Physics, of Chemistry; of Alternating and Direct Current Machinery; of Machine Tool Apparatus—all these in addition to the experimental tanks, draughting rooms, model cutting rooms, museums and other laboratories in his own department. In the next four years, here are some of the things he will study: Yacht Design and Model Making; Theory of Warship Design; Ship Construction, Merchant Shipbuilding, Shipyard Practice, Ship Drawing, Ship Design, Model Making, Marine Engine Design, Marine Steam Turbines, Marine Diesel Engines and Ship Operation.

Of course, Fellow Bird's success still rests with no one but himself. Reports from the offices of the Registrar and the Dean will come to the attention of the Director of the Y. C. Lab, and Fellow Bird's success in his studies at the Institute will continue to be observed by him as well as by the usual Institute authorities. The Institute will exact from him thoughtful and conscientious work, but in the opinion of the Governors there is little doubt as to the degree of success in store for the First Fellow.

How the Fellowship Was Won

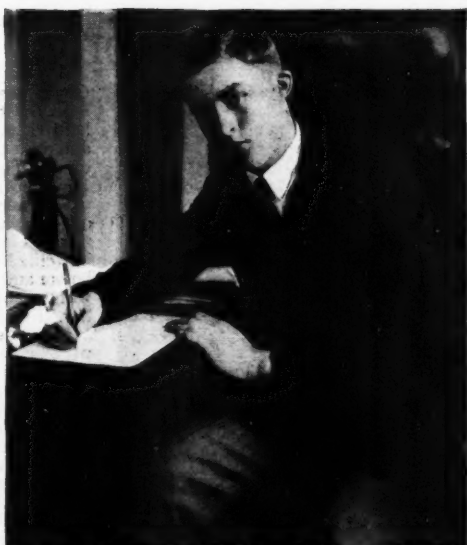
INGENUITY, skill and diligence—those three touchstones of the Lab philosophy—were the primary considerations, you may



A full-rigged ship at sea? It looks so. This is Governor Shumway's photograph of Fellow Bird's small model of the Flying Cloud. The little "people" on deck are made to scale, about 1½ inches tall

be sure of that. But for success in the present-day world (and the Governors of the Lab expect their Fellow to be successful), more than those three factors are necessary. If Member Bird had been ingenious but undependable, skillful but lazy, or diligent but dull, he would not now be Fellow Bird. The other ingredients are those that center about the possession of character: those hard-to-define but impossible-to-mistake attributes which weigh in success sometimes more than that less complex thing, intelligence.

Member Bird's ingenuity, his skill and his diligence were early taken for granted. The more difficult problem was to assay his character and make sure that it went hand in hand with his intelligence. Was Bird dependable? He invariably answered letters the day they were received. Was he interested, helpful and able to work with others? One day in June, when the Experimental Lab in Wollaston was about to commence building Bucaneer, and Bird's brains and brawn were much in need, he mounted his bicycle and rode for fifteen miles through city streets to be of help, as soon as his services were requested. Did success go to his head? Nothing



Albert F. Bird, First Fellow of the Y. C. Lab
—winner of the four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

tion, first one and then the other went to someone else. There can be no question that these were serious disappointments, and that Bird felt them. But his interest in the Lab continued with no diminution of spirit.

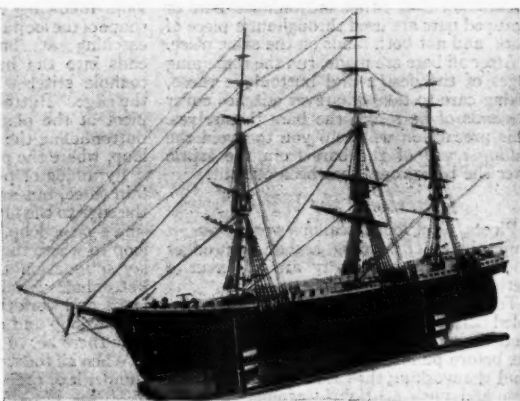
To look through the file of more than twenty letters that Fellow Bird has written to the Director of the Y. C. Lab this year is to realize that he understood from the first how valuable the Lab could be to him. But there is a further value in the letters; they show that Bird determined, from the start, to give the Lab the most faithful, loyal service that was in him.

Can you add character to intelligence in the fashion of Member Bird? You are next year's Fellow if you can.



The Model Cutting Room in the Naval Architecture Department of M. I. T.

could have been more successful than Bird's two clipper models, and Bird heard much praise for them, but with no trace of conceit. Could he bear disappointment? More than once he answered that. A hoped-for sea voyage through the Panama Canal to Hawaii was in his grasp, and then withdrawn. It meant much to him, but he made no protest. Further, he had every reason to expect that one of the two most recent Quarterly Awards of \$100.00 would be made to him. He was an excellent candidate and had been told so. Then, without warning or explanation,



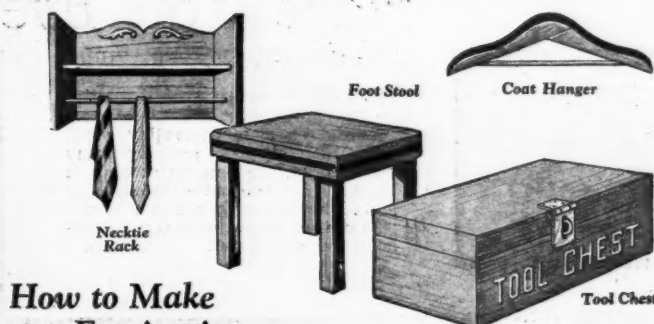
Bird's model of the Flying Cloud: a full length view

The Secretary's Notes

THE announcement of Albert F. Bird's Fellowship and the award to him of a scholarship for four years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was the one thing in the Secretary's mind last week when he informed you of the forthcoming "most important announcement coming from the Y. C. Lab." The significance of this news will be apparent to every boy who is possessed of a genuine scientific and technical interest and turn of mind who would welcome the unparalleled opportunity which now goes to Member Bird and who would very likely find himself and his family unable to make the sacrifice necessary to give him four years of training at what is often referred to as the country's finest engineering school. We warned you that the achievement was difficult, but there are many years to come and members now of the crucial age of thirteen and fourteen can do no better than to set themselves to emulate those qualities which won for Albert F. Bird the highest honor which the Lab has to give.

In view of the Fellowship announcement, we are certain that members will take the keenest interest in the educational questionnaire which is now soon to be placed in the mail. It is not, of course, to be expected that all members of the Lab are qualified for or could profit by or would wish necessarily to study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The main purpose of the questionnaire is therefore to obtain a perfectly frank statement of what every member's educational ambitions may be, whether those ambitions may eventually contemplate work for a Ph.D. in some of the country's great universities, or to study the mastery of some particular subject in a trade school. Please be frank with us and answer all the questions on the blank fully, after careful consultation with your parents.

To join the Y. C. Lab as an Associate Member, write for full information and an application blank. There is only one restriction—you must be a boy of nineteen or less. Address: The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.



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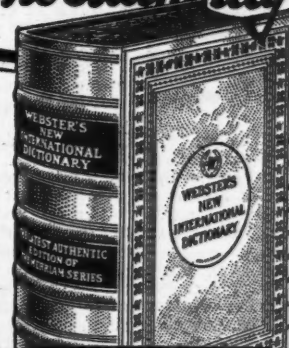
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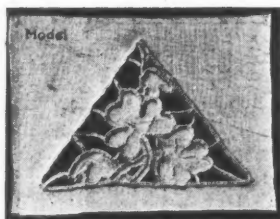


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Have You Ever Done Cutwork?

By CONSTANCE FRAZIER



THERE is no type of decorative needlework more easily done, more beautiful or more thoroughly worth while than cutwork; and yet many needleworkers hesitate to attempt it because it looks difficult—the one thing it most emphatically is not. Any girl who can do simple, everyday buttonholing can do cutwork. H. G.



FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

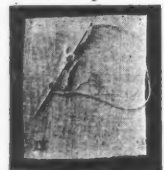


FIG. 4

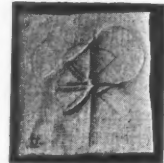


FIG. 5

ished embroidery, allowing the design to stand out in relief.

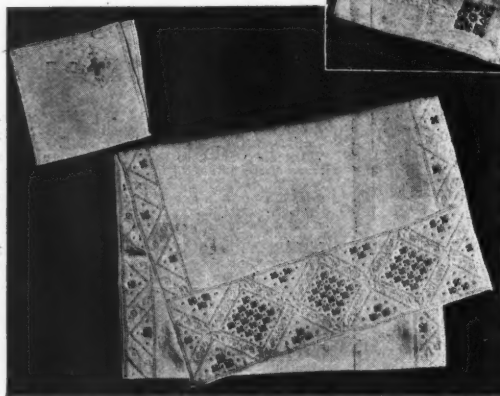
For purposes of beauty and strength the parts of a design are connected and held together by what are known as "brides," or bars. These are the first parts of the work done, unless one cares to begin instead of end with the auxiliary stitches which round out and give character to the design—French knots, outline, eyelets and the like.

All bars are worked in the process of "running" the edge of the design to pad it.

Bars are of several types. That most frequently used is known as "simple," and each bar consists of one straight line, without any branches. To make such bars, start anywhere along the right-hand edge of the design, and run the edge to the first bar. Carry the working thread back and forth across the material above the stamped bar three times, each time taking up with the needle just a tiny bit of the fabric at each end of the bar. This gives three foundation threads lying on the surface of the material, caught only at the ends. Let these threads lie smoothly and evenly one above the other on the surface of the cloth, drawing them neither too taut, lest the design be drawn out of true, nor too slack, lest they sag. Cover these foundation threads with buttonholing from end to end, working over the threads only and not into the cloth. At the end of a bar, take a stitch into the edge just beside it, run the edge to the next bar and repeat. (Fig. 1.)

About "Y" Bars

"Y" bars are so called because of their resemblance to the letter Y, and are often used in connection with simple bars. To



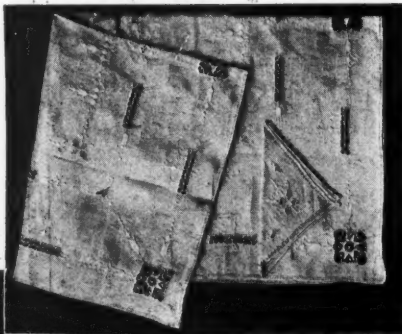
Here's an Italian cutwork tea cloth with a little tea napkin to match. Wouldn't you like to make something like this for your hope chest?

make them, lay foundation threads for the main bar of the group as for simple bars and buttonhole to the branching bar; lay foundation threads from the main bar to the edge of the material across the branch, catching into the last buttonhole stitch made and into the edge of the fabric at the end of the bar. This allows the two bars to lie free of the material. Buttonhole the branch back to the main bar and finish buttonholing the latter. (Fig. 2.)

Sometimes bars have more than one branch, as is the case in groups of bars that cross in the center like the spokes of a wheel. These are called radiating bars and are made by laying foundation threads as for a Y bar, working the main bar to the first branch, laying and working the branch back to the main branch, laying and working the next branch in the same way, and so on until all the bars are completed. Be sure to work each branch up as closely as possible to the main branch, so that the center will be smooth and even in appearance. (Fig. 3.)

Not all branching bars are of the Y type. In some instances bars will be found which have branches occurring on either side at irregular intervals. To work these, lay and buttonhole the main bar to the first branch, lay and buttonhole the branch, buttonhole the main bar to the next branch and continue as before till both main bar and branches are complete. (Fig. 4.)

Bars radiating from a center ring are not



This is part of an Italian cutwork luncheon set. You see it looks much more difficult to make than it really is

infrequently used. To make them, take up the fabric in the center of the ring with a common pin; lay two threads from edge to ring over the first bar and buttonhole them. Wrap the thread three times round under the pin to form the foundation of the ring. Buttonhole the ring on the surface of the material to the next bar; lay three foundation threads for this bar and work. Continue working alternately bars and the ring between them until the group is complete. The pin at the center may be removed whenever it interferes with the work. (Fig. 5.)

Bars are not always buttonholed. In fine designs, or on lightweight fabrics, or indeed wherever buttonholed bars seem bulky, they may be wrapped or whipped. Foundation threads are laid as usual, but instead of being buttonholed the threads are closely and firmly overcast. (Fig. 6.) Of course, it is understood that either buttonholed bars or wrapped bars are used throughout a piece of work, and not both kinds on the same piece.

After all bars are made, run the remaining edges of the design and buttonhole those, taking care to take whatever stitches cover the ends of bars into the bars themselves. This precaution will help you to avoid the pulling away of the bars from the fabric after the background has been cut out.

Finishing the Work

Picots, picot loops, scallops worked over a single thread of padding, and straight edges worked in the same way are all favorite methods of finishing a piece.

To make bullion stitch picots on a buttonholed bar, work the bar to the picot and take a buttonhole stitch into the last one made, but before pulling the needle quite through wind the working thread round it ten times or so and push up tightly against the bar.

Cover the stitches with the thumb to hold them in place and push the needle through them. Draw up the picot thus made, take a stitch upward through the same buttonhole stitch as before and continue buttonholing the bar. (Fig. 7.)

Bullion stitch picots made on wrapped bars are made in much the same manner. Since there are no buttonhole stitches into which to fasten the picot, whip the bar as far as the picot, bring the thread down at the back over the place where the picot is to be made, hold the needle in position and wrap the thread round it to form the picot. Draw up the bullion stitch, twist it to the left once with the fingers to make it lie flat and continue to overcast the remainder of the bar. (Fig. 8.)

Picot loops along a scalloped or straight edge are made in this wise: First run the scallops or edge, disregarding the loops. Buttonhole the first scallop, or the edge, to the right-hand end of the loop and lay foundation threads across the loop, following the shape of the loop and catching at both ends into the buttonhole stitches of the edge. Buttonhole the loop, making the picot at the place indicated, and continue buttonholing the scallop or edge to the next loop, where the process is repeated. (Fig. 9.)

Pyramids of picot loops most often contain three, but sometimes have more. Work the edge to the first loop and proceed as for a single picot loop. Lay and work the second loop to where the third, or tip, loop joins it; lay foundation threads, catching into the buttonhole stitches of the two previous loops, and work the third loop. Complete the second loop and continue along the edge, if edge there be, to the next loop. (Fig. 9.)

When all the work is done on a given piece, launder it or press it under a very damp cloth to shrink the threads before cutting away the background. Without doubt, the cutting out is the most trying part of cutwork and requires care and patience, both of which will be well rewarded. Sharp scissors are essential, and cuticle scissors with their curved edges are perhaps best of all.

Slip the scissor points under the bars and cut carefully along the edges of the design, remembering that edges may be trimmed closely after the cutting is done. Sometimes it will be found easier to cut from the back of the work, turning it over in the hand. The curved points of the scissors are best held toward the worker to avoid accidental clipping of bars and edges, and these same points are most convenient when there are small, difficult bits to be cut.

The small shamrock triangle pictured may easily be traced and with the aid of a piece of carbon paper transferred to such articles as guest towels, tea napkins, underwear, covers for a tray stand, small bedside table, chair back and arm pads, and odd-place mats.

You will find endless attractive ways of adding to your hope chest, your gift chest or your own home when you have once mastered this delightful kind of needlework. You need no longer look at lovely pieces of Italian linen as a window-shopper only! You can own them at the cost of the necessary materials and a pleasant expenditure of your own time.



FIG. 6



FIG. 7



FIG. 8

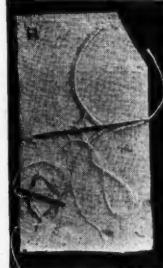
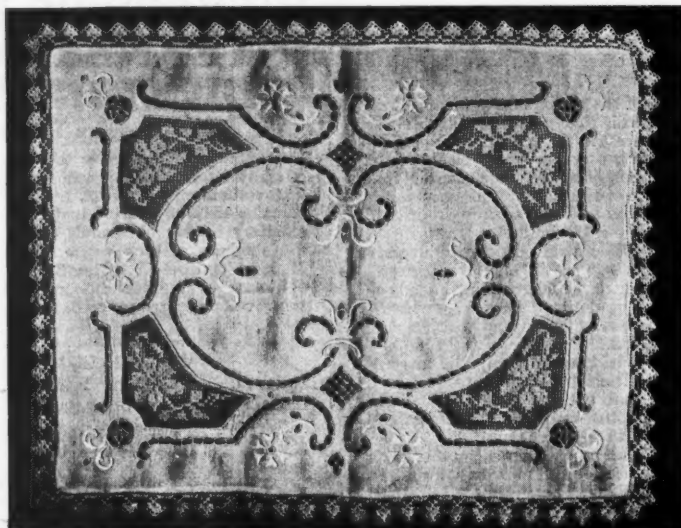


FIG. 9



FIG. 10



Isn't this a pretty cutwork pillow cover? Why don't you make one like it?

Fashions for the Young Girl

Style Points
in Fall Hats
and Accessories



The charming Vagabond hat

Betty-and-Anne is always a favorite



The Fisherman's shape is perhaps the smartest just now

SUZANNE is wearing these to show you three most important fall hats. At the left is the new and delightful "vagabond" shape, in soft velours, or felt, coming in all colors for \$3.95; it is caught up at the back with ribbon and trimmed with a jaunty feather. Then, in the center, the faithful Betty-and-Anne still holds its own—in all colors and sizes for \$5.95. Its deserved popularity shows that fashion is still loyal to trim little felts. On the right is a "fisherman's" hat in felt. The value in style of this hat has been on the increase ever since it was first sponsored by Paris late this summer. All colors—\$7.50.

The accessories reflect fall colors and

moods. A felt flower in yellow, purple, chanel red, orange or copenhagen is \$1.00. A brown perforated suede belt is \$1.00. A plain tie with figured ends comes in delightful shades for \$1.50. A three-strand Joan necklace for \$1.00 with a 50-cent bracelet to match is made in plated green or yellow gold, or silver and gold plate. Colored hankies are three for \$5.00. One-clasp cape-skin gloves are \$2.50. An envelope-shaped washable patent-leather bag with metal clasp and moire lining can be ordered in tan, emerald green, brown, black or white for \$3.00. Suzanne finds her Scotch cashmere scarf useful—she paid \$3.95 for it, and Filene's has them in brown or gray colorings.

Hazel Gray.

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts

From Girl to Girl



Walnut, Illinois.

Dear Hazel Gray: I happened to read one of the April issues of The Youth's Companion recently and saw the letters from many Eastern college girls, but none from the Middle West. So I am writing for some of us, because I think we like sports just as well as some of the others.

The sport that is favored most at Illinois State Normal University is, I think, field hockey. Hockey is offered in the fall term. Three teams are developed, and in the last two weeks of the term interesting games are played by the teams from the Freshman and Sophomore classes and the University High School. The Juniors and Seniors who are good enough to make a team are put with the Sophomores. Then, when the tournament between teams has been held, the Women's Athletic Association has a banquet. At this banquet the honorary, all-school, team is announced. This team has on it the very best players.

The hockey clubs and balls and shin-guards belong to the W. A. A. and to the Physical Education Department, I think. I'm not sure about the ownership, but I do know that the players do not own their own clubs and shin-guards, unless they wish to, and are put to no expense in playing. Mid-dies, black bloomers, black hose and black gymnasium shoes are the togs worn. Bright head-bands of two colors distinguish the players, and in tournament games bright-colored jackets, owned by the W. A. A., are worn. There is a game at "Homecoming" between the pick of the players in school and the best alumni players. That is perhaps the most exciting game of all.

Here is a list of the sports offered at the State Normal University, and the terms—

twelve weeks each—in which they are offered:

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| Fall | Soccer |
| Hiking | Rhythmic dancing |
| Swimming | Clog dancing |
| Tennis | |
| (no instruction) | Spring |
| Hockey | Hiking |
| Soccer | Swimming |
| Riding | Tennis |
| Golf | (instruction) |
| (no instruction) | Baseball |
| Winter | Field and track sports |
| Hiking | Riding |
| Swimming | Golf |
| Bowling | (instruction) |
| Basketball | Quits |

Points are given in each sport, and at the end of the term the number of points you have determines your standing in the W. A. A. Six hundred points give you the privilege of wearing a pin—W. Twelve hundred points mean a chenille letter for your sweater—N. The number of points you make lies with yourself and your ability in sports. You must also keep training rules, for which credit is given. No points are allowed if you have not kept training rules. Here they are:

1. Eight hours of sleep with open windows.
2. Eat three regular meals a day.
3. No eating between meals, except fruit, milk, graham crackers, vanilla ice cream.
4. Drink no tea or coffee, and cocoa only when made with milk.
5. Drink eight glasses of water each day.
6. Take a bath—shower, tub or sponge—each day.
7. Wear wraps going to and from the athletic field.

Four cuts are allowed for each term; the violation of one training rule is a cut.

The average health of W. A. A. members, so the school doctor says, is better than the average health of the other students. There are fewer colds and headaches, because an hour or so of exercise each day is what we all need, and W. A. A. members get it often!

Sincerely yours,
MARY E. KEIGWIN



★ What a relief they bring—those handy candy cough drops!

Speed vs. Reliability

"Lots of speed," you say of a pitcher, "but no control." He's not to be depended on. A less flashy, more steady hurler will see the team through.

The responsible positions of life go to the reliable man.

Reliability means being on the job, at the top of your form, all the time. You can't do

that unless you're well. Reliability avoids coughs and colds—the little things that pull you down. Reliability finds easy, safe, sure ways to keep itself fit.

Smith Brothers' cough drops, for instance, protect your throat, that danger-spot for germs. And yet, they're good candy too.

Two kinds: S-Bs (licorice) 5c or Menthol (orange box)

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS

THE CANDY COUGH DROP



Free..

A Story . . Pictures . . and Recipes for

good things to eat . .

WOULDN'T you like a copy of this little book? It's all about the jolly Gingerbread Man and how he made the Princess Posie happy on her birthday.

There are pictures in color—of the pretty Princess with golden hair, of her father the King—and the Gingerbread Man and his faithful friends. They show the Princess' birthday cake and other good things to eat, like sugar cookies, surprise muffins, and little cakes with icing.

And the book tells you and mother just how to make these delicious things so they come out every time the best you ever tasted.

The book is free—just mail this coupon.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
110 East 41st Street, Dept. 7
New York City

Please send me—free—my copy of Little Gingerbread Man, with its story, pictures, and recipes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





Barrels of fun at a HALLOWE'EN PARTY

DON'T YOU love a Hallowe'en Party? Everyone does. Everyone has such a good time wearing spooky costumes, doing stunts and playing games. Why don't you give a Hallowe'en Party in your own home this year (or perhaps in your school room, club or parish house)?

THE BOGIE BOOK

tells you exactly how to give your party and to make it gay and successful. Its 36 pages, profusely illustrated, are filled with new ideas for decorations, table arrangements, invitations, costumes to make, games to play, stunts to entertain, and even some suggestions as to appropriate refreshments. Thousands of girls, every year, depend on this useful little book for their Hallowe'en Party ideas. This year's book is the 14th annual edition.

For any kind of a Hallowe'en Party you should have the Bogie Book. It's worth a lot to any girl, but it only costs 10 cents (15 cents in Canada.) Stationers, department stores and druggists who carry Dennison's Hallowe'en goods have the Bogie Book, or, send this coupon with the correct amount for your copy by mail.

Dennison's, Dept. L-15
Framingham, Mass.

I enclose 10 cents (15 cents in Canada).
Please send me a copy of the Bogie Book.

Name
Address

W H A T **Dennison's** **N E X T**

Knocks Corns
INSTANTLY
Corns, Callouses, Bunions yield at once to the wonderful medication in this thin, comfortable plaster. You walk, play, dance in comfort. No more nagging foot pains; no dangerous applications of acids and poisons.

Medicated CONFITAPE
Absorbs all hard growths without injury to healthy flesh. Antiseptic, healing. Big spot, 60 square inches, lasts most families year or more. Send \$1 and if not satisfied after trying, get full refund.

CONFITAPE LABORATORY, Box Y Burlington, Vt.

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, and for All Ages

Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

25¢ CLASS FREE **PINS CATALOG** **25¢**
Design shown made with any equal amount lettering, 2 colors enamel.
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 732 Bastian Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

The Children's Page

THE RABBIT WHO WAS NOTICED

By May Justus



THERE once lived in a certain tall tree in the deep forest a squirrel, a crow and a rabbit. The crow lived in the tiptop of the tree; the squirrel lived in a hole in the middle of the tree; and the rabbit had a burrow among the roots at the bottom. These three were friends for a long time and made neighborly visits back and forth and in and out, always content and happy.

One day the rabbit rushed in and called up the tree:

"Neighbor Squirrel! Neighbor Crow! Come down; I have a fine piece of news to tell you."

In a great hurry the squirrel and the crow clambered down into the rabbit's sitting-room.

"Tell us!" they both cried in one breath. "Tell us, Neighbor Rabbit! What is this great piece of news?"

"News indeed you will say!" said the rabbit. "King Lion himself is going to pass by here in a few hours. We shall all have a chance to see him go by."

"How grand!" said the crow. "I am sure he will see me."

"How fine!" said the squirrel. "I am sure he will see me."

"Yes, indeed!" said the rabbit. "And now let us get into our own places in the tree and wait until he marches by."

So the crow flew back to her lofty perch; the squirrel stood up high in his hole in the middle of the tree; and the rabbit stood in the door of his burrow. Each of them kept his eyes open to see the King go by, for this was indeed a notable event. Never before had King Lion passed by this way. Indeed, these three subjects of his had never seen him in their lives. They waited a long, long time, but so eager were they that they never closed their eyes.

Finally there sounded through the forest a mighty *thud, thud!*

And the crow, the squirrel and the rabbit became very still and screwed their eyes on the path that led by the tree.

Thud! Rush! Crash! King Lion was coming!

Crash! Rush! Thud! King Lion was gone!

And then the three neighbors rushed down into the rabbit's sitting-room to talk it all over.

"Ah!" cried the crow. "Such a wonderful person! Never did I see such a friendly wave of his tail as he gave me as he hurried by!"

"Indeed!" chattered the squirrel. "That was nothing to the way he nodded his head to me just as plainly as if he had said, 'Good morning.' It is fine to be noticed by so grand a person, I'm sure."

"Well," said the rabbit. "I suppose he didn't see me, for he took no notice of me at all, though I made a nice bow to him as he passed."

"That is because you are so small," said the crow.

"And because you live at the foot of the tree," said the squirrel. Just then Messenger Mouse came up.

"Mister Rabbit," said he, "I have the honor of inviting you to dine with the King today. He saw your bow as he passed and likes your manners."

And so the rabbit at the foot of the tree was noticed after all. As for the crow and the squirrel they were very, very much surprised.

The 12-Lines and A Dot Contest was a great success! Over 1000 boys and girls entered—the winners will be published soon.

Editor of the Children's Page
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

Shh-sh-h!

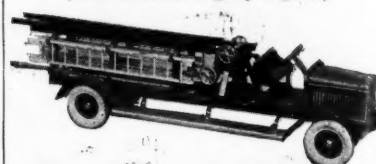
Would you like to know the secret of just how to make this Hallowe'en ghost and many other dainty, original and spooky favors and decorations for Hallowe'en? Then watch for your October 21st Companion and you will find out! Write to me if you need help with party plans—and remember, please, that I am only allowed to answer when you inclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Hazel Gray

8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts



Kingsbury Aerial Ladder Truck, No. 259. 34 in. long—almost three feet. Ladder rises 45 in. \$12. (West of Miss. slightly higher.)



Come Put Out the Fire!

QUICK, haul out this Kingsbury Aerial Ladder Truck! Hear the clang of the gong as you roll down the street. Turn the crank and see the aerial ladder rear itself up, tall as you are. Turn the revolving platform around and point the ladder wherever you want. And when the fire's out, fold it up again and hurry back to the hose house.

See the bright red enamel frame and hood. How the nickel aerial ladder shines! Four extra ladders of steel. Solid rubber tires vulcanized tight to the wheels. And last, but not least, a detachable handle that steers while you pull—no scratched furniture.

KINGSBURY

MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

This Kingsbury Aerial Ladder Truck is only one of the big Kingsbury line. There are other Trucks, some with spring motors; Fire Engines, Hose Wagons, Chemical Engines, Passenger Buses, Trolley Cars, Tractors, Derricks, Dump Trucks, etc., etc. If your dealer does not carry Kingsbury Toys write for our Free Catalog.

THIS NON-SKID ERASER, 10c
Send 10c (coin) for this miniature disc wheel whose non-skid rubber balloon tire is really a school eraser.

During Fire Prevention Week watch for Special Kingsbury Displays

KINGSBURY MFG. CO.
84 Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

Dealer's Note: Our complete line sold and displayed by Reimann-Seabrey Company, 215 Fourth Ave., New York City



Any type of hair can be made to lie down

958 College Men

tell how they keep their hair in place

If your hair is unruly you naturally wonder, "How do other fellows keep their hair in place?"

That is what we wanted to find out, too. So we went out and actually talked to 958 college men—to get the facts.

And here they are!—the hair dressing that college fellows overwhelmingly prefer to all others is—**Stacomb**.

Let us send you a generous sample of Stacomb, free—and after the first day you will know for yourself why so many fellows prefer this dressing.

Stacomb will keep your hair smoothly in place, all day long.

Yet Stacomb never leaves your hair greasy nor sticky. Nor dry and brittle, as water makes it. Stacomb helps to prevent dandruff.

Stacomb now comes as a combing cream (in jars and tubes) and also in the popular new liquid form. At all drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER—Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. AB-29, 113 West 18th St., New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New Liquid form ☐

Name
Address

The Children's Page—Continued

Little Bear and His Grapevine Swing

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

How the
Flowers Got
Their Names—

THOR AND HIS TERRIBLE HAMMER

By Lockwood Barr

THE story I love best is about the Norse god Thor, with his great strength and his magic hammer, called Mjollnir, which would always hit what he threw it at, and then return to his hand.

Thor was the Norse Viking who slew with his hammer his enemy Midgard, the sea serpent, which circled the whole world and kept the ocean dammed up by having its tail in its mouth. At last this dragon, after a terrible fight, was finally killed and sank to the bottom of the sea. After that the Viking ships could get out to prey upon the commerce of the world.

The Norse mothers used to tell their children when the sea was angry that it was caused by the death agonies of Midgard, who would never die until the end of the world.

The dolphins were thought by the Norsemen to be the kings of the ocean. And so, because of their Viking prowess and the shape of their peculiar fighting boats, which looked something like dolphins, the old Norse kings took unto themselves the title of dolphin.

On coat-of-arms of the nobility of some of the countries where the Norsemen conquerors left their mark will be found outlines of what might be taken for a dolphin, and also a flower which looked like the wild-flower larkspur, the ancestor of our perennial delphinium.

The delphinium is so named because the nectar cup of the flower, which lures the bees, is shaped very much like a dolphin, the Latin for which was *delphinus*.

ABOUT LUCY

By Pringle Barret



Mother says that children
Should be seen and never
heard;
But Lucy doesn't matter,
For she cannot speak a word.



LITTLE BEAR had to stay at home alone when Father Bear and Mother Bear went away one day. "What shall I do if no one comes to play with me?" asked Little Bear.

"Make up a game for one," advised Father Bear, "and be happy."

No one came to play. "I shall have to play alone all day," Little Bear said. "I wish I had a grapevine swing."

He made one. It was not easy to do. He found a long, long piece of a wild grapevine. It grew by the back fence. Little Bear climbed an oak tree and tied the ends of the grapevine to a branch. He tried to swing. Down came the swing, and bump-gump went Little Bear tumbling on the hard earth.

Up the tree went Little Bear and tied the swing again. That time it held. Little Bear had a good time swinging high in the air. He laughed and sang.

The wildcat children came. The squirrels came too. They took turns in the swing. Wild Nanny Goat and Wild Billy Goat heard the merry din and they came too, to play.

When Father Bear and Mother Bear came home they thought all the children in the wildwood were there.

"He made a swing for us," a baby rabbit told Mother Bear after he wrinkled his nose and wrinkled his nose until all the children laughed.

Father Bear thumped Little Bear on the head and said, "You did right, old man!"

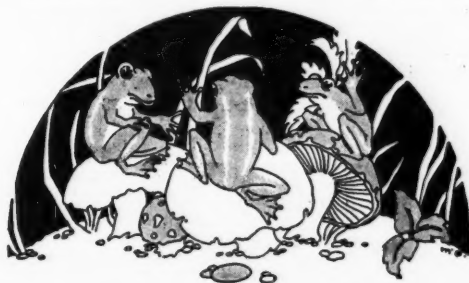
The Three Bears laughed. They knew!



TOAD-STOOLS

By Daisy M. Moore

This morning by the willow I mean to watch some moon-
pool light night,
I saw a handsome great toad- For it must be a curious sight—
stool, Fat toads perched high on
And all around it in a row stools like these
Were smaller ones, a score or so. All croaking out their A B C's!



RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD

Hurled 25 Stories to Cement— picked up unbroken!

Traffic stopped to watch
this test of the Parker Duofold
Non-Breakable Barrel



The new Stevens,
Chicago, largest
hotel in the world,
will open about
March 1, 1927.

Where
the pens
landed—

Wouldn't You Like to Take
this Sturdy Pen to School?

YES, traffic stopped as big Frank Ketcheson, Supt. of Steel Construction for the Geo. A. Fuller Co., hurled two Parker Duofold Pens from his perilous foothold on a slender steel girder of the new Stevens Hotel, Chicago.

One pen struck on asphalt, the other on cement—away they bounded into the air, then landed in the street—unbroken!

We wanted to give the public actual proof that the new Parker Duofold Pens with Permanite barrels do not break.

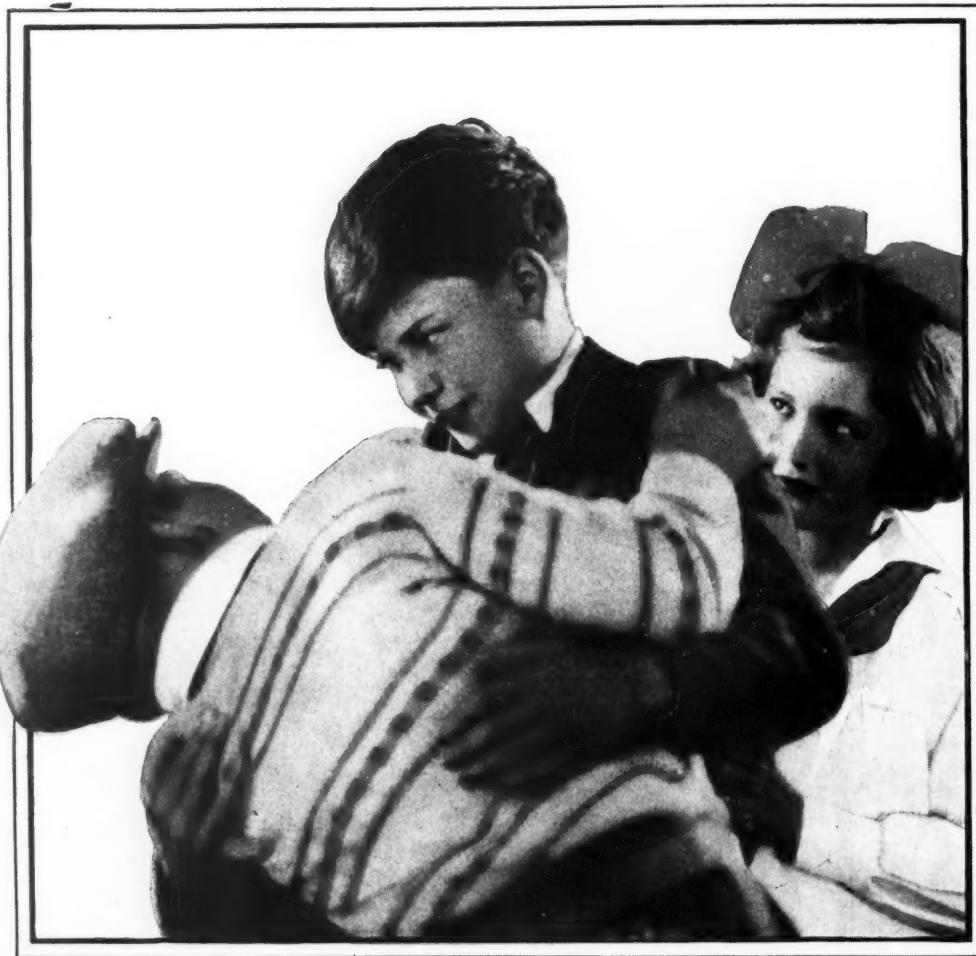
Get this sturdy black-tipped lacquer-red beauty at any good pen counter. But look with care for the stamp of the genuine "Geo. S. Parker Duofold." That means the point is guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
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TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND

**Parker
Duofold Jr. \$5**
With Lucky Carve Feed and 25 Year Point
Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5





You'd feel bad if they thought it about *you* *When Lifebuoy's on the job, you don't have to worry*

EVER notice how, with some of the fellows, you're always ready for a good catch-as-catch-can wrestle? Get all mussed up, sweaty and have a whale of a good time?

But you never somehow like to tackle Jim. You're a match for him, of course. But to be frank, Jim *smells*. You just don't like coming to close grips with him.

You'd feel mighty bad, wouldn't you, if people felt about you—even to a slight degree—the way you feel about Jim.

Yet this business of body odors is something *every* youngster has to get wise to himself about, sooner or later. And the best way is to understand the *cause*.

What causes body odor

Just so long as you're leading an active life, you're bound to perspire pretty freely. If your pores stay clogged up with this perspiration, it forms acids—and *that's* what causes the unpleasant odor.

Bathe daily with Lifebuoy and you remove the *cause*. Ordinary baths help, of

course, but their effect is soon lost unless Lifebuoy is used. It's the *antiseptic* in Lifebuoy that gets way into the pores—floods out these odor-making poisons—*purifies* the pores and skin so that no odor is possible even on the hottest days.

Your mother and father will tell you this. Your coach will tell you the same thing. Ordinarily, people don't like to talk about such things and that's why, perhaps, so many youngsters never realize that there is this disagreeable drawback about them.

Be on the safe side

Don't just wonder if you're like that. Get a cake of Lifebuoy and hop into a tub with it every morning. Then you'll *know* you're all right.

Lifebuoy has a clean, antiseptic odor which rinses away completely. Its orange red is the color of its pure palm fruit oil.

Millions of boys, by the way, are using the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart as a con-

venient check-up on themselves. Why don't you send for it? It's free.

WASH-UP CHART						Health Pledge
	Before Dressing	Before Dinner	After School	Before Supper	At Bedtime	Baths
Monday	X	X	X	X	X	
Tuesday						
Wednesday						
Thursday						
Friday						
Saturday						
Sunday						

There are germs on almost everything you touch.

LEVER BROS CO., Dept. 31, Cambridge, Mass.

The Wash-up Chart sounds fine. Please send me one, together with a "Get-acquainted" cake of Lifebuoy. I understand they're BOTH FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

free